THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHA. CHURCHILL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

...e Muse's office was by Heaven design'd
...o please, improve, instruct, reform, mankind;
To make dejected Virtue nobly rise
Above the towering pitch of splendid Vice;
...o make pale Vice, abash'd, her head hang down,
And, trembling, crouch at Virtue's awful frown---
...f the Muse, too cruel in her mirth,
... harsh reflections wounds the man of worth---
...d, she marks that passage with a blot,
...ates the line where candour was forgot.

APOLOGY.

VOL II.

LONDON:
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THE PRINCE OF WALES.
1793.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

GHOST. IN FOUR BOOKS.
AUTHOR.

Let one poor sprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead:
Let it (may Heaven, indulgent, grant that prayer!)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
And when, on travel bound, some rhyming guest
Roams thro' the church-yard whilst his dinner's drest,
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes,
Life to the last enjoy'd, Here Churchill lies;
Whilst, (O what joy that pleasing flattery gives!)
Reading my Works he cries—Here Churchill lives!

CANDIDATE.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR JOHN BELL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS
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THE GHOST.

Advertisement.

It has been thought not improper to prefix to this edition of The Ghost the following summary account of the proceedings in regard to some strange noises heard some time in the year 1762, at a house in Cock Lane, West Smithfield, London, which gave rise to the ensuing poem.

Mr. Parsons, the officiating Clerk of St. Sepulchre's, observing one morning, at early prayers, a genteel couple standing in the aisle, ordered them into a pew, and being afterwards thanked for his civility by the gentleman, who asked if he could inform him of a lodging in the neighbourhood? Parsons offered his own house, which was accepted of. Some time after, in the absence of the gentleman who was in the country, Mr. Parsons' daughter, a child of eleven years of age, being taken by Miss Fanny (the name the gentlewoman went by) to her bed. Miss Fanny complained one morning to the family of both having been greatly disturbed by violent noises. Mrs. Parsons, at a loss to account for this, bethought herself of a neighbouring industrious shoemaker, whom they concluded to be the cause of the disturbance. Soon after, on a Sunday night, Miss Fanny getting out of bed, called to Mrs. Parsons, "Pray, does your shoemaker "work so hard on Sunday nights too?" to which being answered in the negative, Mrs. Parsons, &c. were desired to come into the chamber, and be themselves witnesses to the truth of the assertion. At this time several persons were invited to assist, and among the rest, the

late Rev. Mr. Lindin, but he excused himself; and the gentleman and lady removing into the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, (where she soon after died,) the noise discontinued at the house of Parsons from the time of their leaving it to the 1st. *of January* 1763, *or thereabouts, the space of above a year and a half, and then began the second visitation, as for distinction's sake we may venture to call it.*

In this visitation, then, the child, upon certain knockings and scratchings, which seemed to proceed from beneath her bedstead, was sometimes thrown into violent fits and agitations; and a woman attendant, or the father, Mr. Parsons, put questions to the spirit or ghost, as it was supposed by the credulous to be, and they also dictated how many knocks should serve for an answer either in the affirmative or negative; and though these scratchings and knockings disturbed Fanny before her death, it was now supposed to be her spirit which thus harrassed the poor family. In this manner of converse she charged one Mr. —, whose first wife was her sister, and with whom she afterwards lived in fornication, with having poisoned her, by putting arsenic into purl, and administering it to her when ill of the smallpox. Numbers of persons of fortune and character, and several clergymen, assisted at the vagaries of this invisible knocker and scratcher; and though no discovery could be made by the several removals of the girl to other houses, where the noises still followed her, (the supposed ghost protesting she would follow her where-

ever she went) tho' wainscots and floorings were torn away to facilitate a detection of any imposture to no purpose, yet the rational part of the town could not be made to believe but that there was some fraud in the affair, considering the known faculty many people called Ventriloqui have had of uttering strange noises, and making them appear to come from any place they thought proper, without any visible motion of their lips; and this suspicion was confirmed by the attestations of the clergyman, and some gentlemen of the faculty, who visited the deceased in her illness, and of some other persons of unquestionable credit, and the guilt of the imposture, in some measure, fixed upon the parents and their friends, by some facts contained in the following advertisement.

TO THE PUBLIC.

WE, whose names are underwritten, thought it proper, upon the approbation of the Lord Mayor, received on Saturday last in the afternoon, to see Mr. Parsons yesterday, and to ask him in respect of the time when his child should be brought to Clerkenwell. He replied in these words, "That he consented to the examination proposed, provided that some persons connected with the girl might be permitted to be there, to divert her in the day-time." This was refused, being contrary to the plan. He then mentioned a woman whom he affirmed to be unconnected, and not to have been with her. Upon being sent for she

came, and was a person well known to us, by having been constantly with her, and very intimate with this Familiar, as she is called. Upon this we, Mr. Parsons, recommended an unexceptionable person, the daughter of a relation, who was a gentleman of fortune. After an enquiry into her character, he informed us that this unexceptionable person had disobliged her father, and was out at service. Upon this we answered, "Mr. Parsons, if you can procure any "person or persons of strict character and reputation, "who are housekeepers, such will be with pleasure "admitted." Upon this he required a little time to look for such a person. Instead of coming, as he promised, and we expected, one William Lloyd came by his direction, and said as follows:

"Mr. Parsons chooses first to consult with his "friends, who are at present not in the way, before "he gives a positive answer concerning the removal "of his daughter to the Rev. Mr. Aldrich's."

(Signed) WILL. LLOYD, *Brook-street, Holborn.*

Within three hours after, we received another message from Mr. Parsons by the same hand, viz.

"If the Lord Mayor will give his approbation, the "child shall be removed to the Rev. Mr. Aldrich's."

The plan before mentioned was thus set forth in the public papers: The girl was to be brought to the house of the said clergyman, without any person whatever that had or was supposed to have the least connection with her. The father was to be there; not suf-

fered to be in the room, but in a parlour, where there could be no sort of communication, attended by a proper person. A bed, without any furniture, was to be set in the middle of a large room, and the chairs to be placed round it. The persons to be present were some of the clergy, a physician, surgeon, apothecary, and a justice of the peace. The child was to be undressed, examined, and put to bed, by a lady of character and fortune. Gentlemen of established character, both clergy and laity, (amongst whom was a noble lord, who desired to attend) were to have been present at the examination. We have done, and still are ready to do, every thing in our power to detect an imposture, if any, of the most unhappy tendency both to the public and individuals.

STE. ALDRICH, *Rector of St. John's, Clerkenwell.*

JAMES PENN, *Lecturer of St. Ann's, Aldersgate.*

In pursuance of the above plan many gentlemen, eminent for their rank and character, by the invitation of the Rev. Mr. Aldrich of Clerkenwell, assembled at his house the 31*st. of January, and next day appeared the following account of what passed on the occasion.*

"*About ten at night the gentlemen met in the chamber in which the girl, supposed to be disturbed by a spirit, had, with proper caution, been put to bed by several ladies. They sat rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing went down stairs, where they interrogated the father of the girl, who denied*

in the strongest terms, any knowledge or belief of fraud.

As the supposed spirit had before publicly promised, by an affirmative knock, that it would attend one of the gentlemen into the vault under the church of St. John, Clerkenwell; where the body is deposited, and give a token of her presence there by a knock upon her coffin; it was therefore determined to make this trial of the existence and veracity of the supposed spirit.

While they were enquiring and deliberating they were summoned into the girl's chamber by some ladies who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches. When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back; and being required to hold her hands out of bed, from that time, though the spirit was very solemnly required to manifest it's existence by appearance, by impressions on the hand or body of any present, by scratches, knocks, or any agency, no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited.

The spirit was then seriously advertised, that the person to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company, at one, went into the church, and the gentleman to whom the promise was made went with one more into the vault: the spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise; but nothing

more than silence ensued. The person supposed to be accused by the ghost then went down, with several others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three she desired and was permitted to go home with her father.

It is therefore the opinion of the whole assembly, "That the child has some art of making or counterfeiting particular noises, and that there is no "agency of any higher cause."

To elude the force of the conclusion, it was given out that the coffin in which the body of the supposed ghost had been deposited, or at least the body itself, had been displaced, or removed out of the vault. Mr. K——, therefore, thought proper to take with him to the vault the undertaker who buried Miss F——, and such other unprejudiced persons as, on inspection, might be able to prove the weakness of such a suggestion.

Accordingly on Feb. 25th. in the afternoon, Mr. K——, with a clergyman, the undertaker, clerk, and sexton of the parish, and two or three gentlemen, went into the vault, when the undertaker presently knew the coffin, which was taken from under the others, and easily seen to be the same, as there was no plate or inscription; and, to satisfy further, the coffin being opened before Mr. K——, the body was found in it.

Others, in the mean time, were taking other steps

to find out where the fraud, if any, lay. The girl was removed from house to house and was said to be constantly attended with the usual noises, though bound and muffled hand and foot, and that without any motion in her lips, and when she appeared asleep; nay, they were often said to be heard in rooms at a considerable distance from that where she lay.

At last her bed was tied up in the manner of a hammoc, about a yard and a half from the ground, and her hands and feet extended as wide as they could without injury, and fastened with fillets, for two nights successively, during which no noises were heard.

The next day, being pressed to confess, and being told that if the knockings and scratches were not heard any more, she, her father and mother, would be sent to Newgate, and half an hour being given her to consider, she desired she might be put to bed to try if the noises would come: she lay in bed this night much longer than usual, but no noises. This was on Saturday.

Sunday, being told that the approaching night only would be allowed for a trial, she concealed a board about four inches broad and six long under her stays This board was used to set the kettle upon. Having got into bed, she told the gentlemen she would bring F—— at six the next morning.

The master of the house, however, and a friend of his, being informed by the maids that the girl had taken a board to bed with her, impatiently waited for the appointed hour, when she began to knock and scratch upon the board; remarking, however, what they themselves were convinced of, "that these noises were not like those which used to be made." She was then told that she had taken a board to bed, and on her denying it, searched, and caught in a lie.

The two gentlemen, who, with the maids, were the only persons present at this scene, sent to a third gentleman to acquaint him that the whole affair was detected, and to desire his immediate attendance; but he brought another along with him.

Their concurrent opinion was, that the child had been frightened into this attempt by the threats which had been made the two preceding nights; and the master of the house also and his friend both declared, "that the noises the girl had made that morning had "not the least likeness to the former noises."

Probably the organs with which she performed those strange noises were not always in a proper tone for that purpose, and she imagined she might be able to supply the place of them by a piece of board.

At length Mr. K—— thought proper to vindicate his character in a legal way. On the 10th of July the father and mother of the child, one Mary Frazer, who, it seems, acted as an interpreter between the

ghost and those who examined her, a clergyman, and a reputable tradesman, were tried at Guildhall, before Lord Mansfield, by a special jury, and convicted of conspiracy against the life and character of Mr. K——.

But the court choosing that Mr. K——, who had been so much injured on this occasion, should receive some reparation by the punishment of the offenders, deferred giving sentence for seven or eight months, in hopes the parties might make it up in the mean time. Accordingly the clergyman and tradesman agreed to pay Mr. K—— a round sum, some say between five and six hundred pounds, to purchase their pardon, and was thereupon dismissed with a severe reprimand. The father was ordered to be set on the pillory three times in one month, once at the end of Cock Lane, and after that to be imprisoned two years, Elizabeth his wife one year, and Mary Frazer six months, in Bridewell, and to be there kept to hard labour.

The father appearing to be out of his mind at the time he was first to stand on the pillory, the execution of that part of his sentence was deferred 'till another day, when, as well as on the other days of standing there, the populace took so much compassion on him, that instead of using him ill, they made a handsome collection for him.

THE GHOST.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

BOOK I.

WITH eager search to dart the soul,
Curiously vain, from pole to pole,
And from the planets' wand'ring spheres,
T' extort the number of our years,
And whether all those years shall flow
Serenely smooth and free from woe,
Or rude Misfortune shall deform
Our life with one continual storm;
Or if the scene shall motley be,
Alternate joy and misery—
Is a desire which, more or less,
All men must feel, tho' few confess.
Hence ev'ry place and ev'ry age
Affords subsistence to the sage;
Who, free from this world and it's cares,
Holds an acquaintance with the stars,
From whom he gains intelligence
Of things to come some ages hence,
Which unto friends at easy rates
e readily communicates.
At it's first rise, which all agree on,
his noble science was Chaldean;

That ancient people, as they fed
Their flocks upon the mountain's head,
Gaz'd on the stars, observ'd the motions,
And suck'd in astrologic notions,
Which they so eagerly pursue,
As folks are apt what'er is new,
That things below at random rove
Whilst they 're consulting things above;
And when they now so poor were grown
They had no houses of their own,
They made bold with their friends the stars,
And prudently made use of their's.
To Egypt from Chaldee it travell'd,
And fate at Memphis was unravall'd:
Th' exotic science soon struck root,
And flourish'd into high repute:
Each learned priest, O strange to tell!
Could circles make and cast a spell,
Could read and write, and taught the nation
The holy art of divination:
Nobles themselves (for at tnat time
Knowledge in nobles was no crime)
Could talk as learn'dly as the priest,
And prophesy as much at least:
Hence all the fortune-telling crew,
Whose crafty skill mars Nature's hue,
Who in vile tatters, with smirch'd face
Runs up and down from place to place

To gratify their friends desires,
From Bampfield Carew to Moll Squires,
Are rightly term'd Egyptians all,
Whom we mistaken—Gypsies call.
  The Grecian sages borrow'd this,
As they did other sciences,
From fertile Egypt—tho' the loan
They had not honesty to own.
Dodona's oaks, inspir'd by Jove,
A learned and prophetic grove,
Turn'd vegetable necromancers,
And to all comers gave their answers.
At Delphos, to Apollo dear,*
All men the voice of Fate might hear;
Each subtle priest on three-leg'd stool,
To take in wise men, play'd the fool:
A mystery so made for gain
Even now in fashion must remain:
Enthusiasts never will let drop
What brings such bus'ness to their shop:
And that great saint we Whitfield call,
Keeps up the humbug spiritual.
  Among the Romans not a bird
Without a prophecy was heard;
Fortunes of empires often hung
On the magician-magpie's tongue,
And ev'ry crow was to the state
A sure interpreter of Fate.

Prophets embody'd in a college,
(Time out of mind your seat of knowledge;
For genius never fruit can bear
Unless it first be planted there,
And solid learning never fails
Without the verge of college walls)
Infallible accounts would keep
When it was best to watch or sleep;
To eat or drink, to go or stay,
And when to fight or run away;
When matters were for action ripe,
By looking at a double tripe;
When emperors would live or die
They in an ass's skull could spy,
When gen'rals would their station keep,
Or turn their backs, in hearts of sheep;
In matters whether small or great,
In private families or state,
As amongst us, the holy seer
Officiously would interfere,
With pious arts and rev'rend skill
Would bend lay bigots to his will,
Would help or injure foes or friends
Just as it serv'd his private ends;
Whether in honest way of trade
Traps for virginity were laid,
Or if, to make their party great,
Designs were form'd against the state,

Regardless of the commonweal,
By int'rest led, which they call Zeal,
Into the scale was always thrown
The will of Heav'n to back their own.
England, a happy land we know,
Where follies naturally grow,
Where without culture they arise,
And tow'r above the common size—
England a fortune-telling host
As num'rous as the stars could boast;
Matrons who toss the cup, and see
The grounds of fate in grounds of tea,
Who, vers'd in ev'ry modest lore,
Can a lost maidenhead restore,
Or, if their pupils rather choose it,
Can show the readiest way to loose it;
Gypsies, who ev'ry ill can cure
Except the ill of being poor,
Who charms 'gainst love and agues sell,
Who can in hen-roost set a spell,
Prepar'd by arts, by them best known,
To catch all feet except their own,
Who as to fortune can unlock it
As easily as pick a pocket;
Scotchmen, who in their country's right
Possess the gift of second-sight,
Who (when their barren heaths they quit,
Sure argument of prudent wit,

Which reputation to maintain
They never venture back again)
By lies prophetic heap us riches,
And boast the luxury of breeches.
  Among the rest, in former years,
Campbell, illustrious name! appears,
Great hero of futurity,
Who, blind, could ev'ry thing foresee,
Who dumb could every thing foretel,
Who, Fate with equity to sell,
Always dealt out the will of Heav'n
According to what price was giv'n.
  Of Scottish race, in Highlands born,
Possess'd with native pride and scorn,
He hither came, by custom led,
To curse the hands which gave him bread.
With want of truth and want of sense,
Amply made up by impudence,
(A succedaneum which we find
In common use with all mankind)
Caress'd and favour'd too by those
Whose hearts with patriot feelings glows,
Who foolishly, where'er dispers'd,
Still place their native country first,
(For Englishmen alone have sense
To give a stranger preference;
Whilst modest merit of their own
Is left in poverty to groan)

Campbell foretold just what he wou'd,
And left the stars to make it good,
On whom he had impress'd such awe
His dictates current pass'd for law;
Submissive, all his empire own'd;
No star durst smile when Campbell frown'd.
This sage deceas'd, for all must die,
And Campbell's no more safe than I,
No more than I can guard the heart
When death shall hurl the fatal dart,
Succeeded, ripe in art and years,
Another fav'rite of the spheres;
Another and another came
Of equal skill and equal fame;
As white each wand, as black each gown,
As long each beard, as wise each frown;
In ev'ry thing so like, you 'd swear
Campbell himself was sitting there:
To all the happy art was known
To tell our fortunes, make their own.
Seated in garret, for you know
The nearer to the stars we go
The greater we esteem his art,
Fools curious flock'd from ev'ry part:
The rich, the poor, the maid, the marry'd,
And those who could not walk were carry'd.
The butler, hanging down his head,
By chambermaid or cookmaid led,

Enquires if from his friend the Moon
He has advice of pilfer'd spoon.
The court-bred woman of condition
(Who to approve her disposition
As much superior as her birth
To those compos'd of common earth,
With double spirit must engage
In ev'ry folly of the age)
The honourable arts would buy
To pack the cards and cog a die.
The hero (who for brawn and face
May claim right honourable place
Amongst the chiefs of Butcher-row)
Who might some thirty years ago,
If we may be allow'd to guess
At his employment by his dress,
Put med'cines off from cart or stage,
The grand Toscano of the age,
Or might about the countries go
High steward of a puppet-show,
Steward and stewardship most meet,
For all know puppets never eat,
Who would be thought (tho', save the mark!
That point is something in the dark)
The man of honour, one like those
Renown'd in story, who lov'd blows
Better than victuals, and would fight,
Merely for sport, from morn to night,

Who treads like Mavors firm, whose tongue
Is with the triple thunder hung,
Who cries to Fear—Stand off—aloof—
And talks as he were cannon-proof.
Would be deem'd ready, when you list,
With sword and pistol, stick and fist,
Careless of points, balls, bruises, knocks,
At once to fence, fire, cudgel, box,
But at the same time bears about
Within himself some touch of doubt,
Of prudent doubt, which hints—that fame
Is nothing but an empty name;
That life is rightly understood
By all to be a real good;
That even in a hero's heart
Discretion is the better part,
That this same honour may be won,
And yet no kind of danger run)
Like Drugger comes, that magic pow'rs
May ascertain his lucky hours;
For at some hours the fickle dame,
Whom fortune properly we name,
Who ne'er considers wrong or right,
When wanted most plays least in sight,
And like a modern court-bred jilt
Leaves her chief fav'rites in a tilt:
Some hours there are when from the heart
Courage into some other part,

No matter wherefore, makes retreat,
And fear usurps the vacant seat,
Whence, planet-struck, we often find
Stewarts and Sackvilles of mankind.
  Farther, he'd know (and by his art
A conjurer can that impart)
Whether politer it is reckon'd
To have or not to have a second?
To drag the friends in, or alone
To make the danger all their own?
Whether repletion is not bad,
And fighters with full stomachs mad;
Whether, before he seeks the plain,
It were not well to breathe a vein?
Whether a gentle salivation,
Consistently with reputation,
Might not of precious use be found,
Not to prevent indeed a wound;
But to prevent the consequence
Which oftentimes arises thence,
Those fevers which the patient urge on
To gates of death by help of surgeon?
Whether a wind at east or west
Is for green wounds accounted best?
Whether (was he to choose) his mouth
Should point towards the north or south?
Whether more safely he might use,
On these occasions, pumps or shoes?

Whether it better is to fight
By sunshine or by candle light ?
Or (lest a candle should appear
Too mean to shine in such a sphere,
For who would of a candle tell
To light a hero into hell !
And lest the sun should partial rise
To dazzle one or t' other's eyes,
Or one or t'other's brains to scorch)
Might not Dame Luna hold a torch ?
These points with dignity discust,
And gravely fix'd, a task which must
Require no little time and pains
To make our hearts friends with our brains ;
The man of war would next engage
The kind assistance of the sage,
Some previous method to direct,
Which should make these of none effect.
Could he not, from the mystic school
Of art, produce some sacred rule
By which a knowledge might be got
Whether men valiant were or not,
So he that challenges might write
Only to those who would not fight ?
Or could he not some way dispense
By help of which (without offence
To Honour, whose nice nature's such
She scarce endures the slightest touch)

When he for want of t' other rule
Mistakes his man, and, like a fool,
With some vain fighting blade gets in,
He fairly may get out again?
  Or should some demon lay a scheme
To drive him to the last extreme,
So that he must confess his fears
In mercy to his nose and ears,
And like a prudent recreant knight
Rather do any thing than fight;
Could he not some expedient buy
To keep his shame from public eye?
For well he held (and men review,
Nine in ten hold the maxim too)
That honour 's like a maidenhead,
Which if in private brought to bed
Is not the worse, but walks the Town,
Ne'er lost until the loss be known.
  The parson too, (for now and then
Parsons are just like other men,
And here and there a grave divine
Has passions such as your's and mine)
Burning with holy lust to know
When Fate preferment will bestow,
'Fraid of detection, not of sin,
With circumspection sneaking in
To conj'rer, as he does to whore,
Thro' some by-alley or back-door,

With the same caution orthodox
Consults the stars and gets a pox.
The citizen, in fraud grown old,
Who knows no deity but gold,
Worn out, and gasping now for breath,
A med'cine wants to keep off death,
Would know, if that he cannot have,
What coins are current in the grave;
If, when the stocks (which by his pow'r
Would rise or fall in half an hour,
For tho' unthought of and unseen
He work'd the springs behind the screen)
By his direction came about,
And rose to par, he should sell out,
Whether he safely might or no
Replace it in the funds below.
By all address'd, believ'd, and paid,
Many pursu'd the thriving trade,
And great in reputation grown,
Successive held the magic throne.
Favour'd by ev'ry darling passion,
The love of novelty and fashion,
Ambition, av'rice, lust, and pride,
Riches pour'd in on ev'ry side:
But when the prudent laws thought fit
To curb this insolence of wit,
When senates wisely had provided,
Decreed, enacted, and decided,

That no such vile and upstart elves
Should have more knowledge than themselves,
When fines and penalties were laid
To stop the progress of the trade,
And stars no longer could dispense,
With honour, farther influence,
And wizards (which must be confest
Was of more force than all the rest)
No certain way to tell had got
Which were informers, and which not,
Affrighted sages were perforce
Oblig'd to steer some other course:
By various ways these sons of Chance
Their fortunes labour'd to advance,
Well knowing by unerring rules
Knaves starve not in the land of fools.
  Some with high titles and degrees,
Which wise men borrow when they please,
Without or trouble or expence,
Physicians instantly commence,
And proudly boast an equal skill
With those who claim the right to kill.
  Others about the country roam
(For not one thought of going home)
With pistol and adopted leg,
Prepar'd at once to rob or beg.
  Some, the more subtle of their race,
(Who felt some touch of coward grace,

Who Tyburn to avoid had wit,
But never fear'd deserving it)
Came to their brother Smolett's aid,
And carry'd on the critic trade.
Attach'd to letters and the Muse
Some verses wrote, and some wrote news;
These each revolving month are seen
The heroes of a Magazine;
Those ev'ry morning great appear
In Ledger or in Gazetteer,
Spreading the falsehoods of the day
By turns for Faden and for Say:
Like Swiss, their force is always laid
On that side where they best are paid:
Hence mighty prodigies arise,
And daily monsters strike our eyes;
Wonders, to propogate the trade,
More strange than ever Baker made,
Are hawk'd about from street to street;
And fools believe whilst liars eat.
Now armies in the air engage
To fright a superstitious age;
Now comets thro' the ether range,
In governments portending change;
Now rivers to the ocean fly
So quick, they leave their channels dry;
Now monstrous whales on Lambeth shore
Drink the Thames dry, and thirst for more;

And ev'ry now and then appears
An Irish savage, numbering years
More than these happy sages cou'd
Who drew their breath before the flood;
Now, to the wonder of all people,
A church is left without a steeple,
A steeple now is left in lurch,
And mourns departure of the church,
Which, borne on wings of mighty wind,
Remov'd a furlong off we find;
Now, wrath on cattle to discharge,
Hailstones as deadly fall and large
As those which were on Egypt sent,
At once their crime and punishment,
Or those which, as the prophet writes,
Fell on the necks of Amorites,
When, struck with wonder and amaze,
The sun suspended stay'd to gaze,
And, from her duty, longer kept,
In Ajalon his sister slept.
  But if such things no more engage
The taste of a politer age,
To help them out in time of need
Another Tofts must rabbits breed:
Each pregnant female trembling hears,
And, overcome with spleen and fears,
Consults her faithful glass no more,
But, madly bounding o'er the floor,

Feels hairs all o'er her body grow,
By Fancy turn'd into a doe.
Now, to promote their private ends,
Nature her usual course suspends,
And varies from the stated plan
Observ'd e'er since the world began.
Bodies (which foolishly we thought,
By Custom's servile maxims taught,
Needed a regular supply,
And without nourishment must die)
With craving appetites and sense
Of hunger easily dispense,
And, pliant to their woundrous skill,
Are taught like watches to stand still,
Uninjur'd, for a month or more,
Then go on as they did before.
The novel takes, the tale succeeds,
Amply supplies it's author's needs,
And Betty Canning is at least,
With Gascoyne's help, a six months feast.
Whilst in contempt of all our pains
The tyrant Superstition reigns
Imperious in the heart of man,
And warps his thoughts from Nature's plan,
Whilst fond Credulity, who ne'er
The weight of wholesome doubts could bear,
To reason and herself unjust,
Takes all things blindly upon trust,

Whilst Curiosity, whose rage
No mercy shows to sex or age,
Must be indulg'd at the expense
Of judgment, truth, and common sense,
Impostures cannot but prevail;
And when old miracles grow stale
Jugglers will still the art pursue,
And entertain the world with new.
For them, obedient to their will,
And trembling at their mighty skill,
Sad spirits summon'd from the tomb
Glide glaring ghastly thro' the gloom
In all the usual pomp of storms,
In horrid customary forms,
A wolf, a bear, a horse, an ape,
As fear and fancy give them shape;
Tormented with despair and pain
They roar, they yell, and clank the chain.
Folly and Guilt (for Guilt, howe'er
The face of Courage it may wear,
Is still a coward at the heart)
At fear-created phantoms start,
The priest—that very word implies
That he's both innocent and wise,
Yet fears to travel in the dark,
Unless escorted by his clerk.
  But let not ev'ry bungler deem
Too lightly of so deep a scheme;

For reputation of the art
Each Ghost must act a proper part,
Observe desorum's needful grace,
And keep the laws of time and place—
Must change, with happy variation,
His manners with his situation.
What in the country must pass down,
Would be impertinent in town;
No spirit of discretion here
Can think of breeding awe and fear;
'Twill serve the purpose more by half
To make the congregation laugh;
We want no ensigns of surprise,
Locks stiff with gore, and sawcer eyes;
Give us an entertainment sprite,
Gentle, familiar, and polite,
One who appears in such a form
As might an holy hermit warm;
Or who on former schemes refines,
And only talks by sounds and signs;
Who will not to the eye appear,
But pays her visits to the ear,
And knocks so gently, 't would not fright
A lady in the darkest night.
Such is our Fanny, whose good will,
Which cannot in the grave lie still,
Brings her on earth to entertain
Her friends and lovers in Cock Lane.

THE GHOST.

BOOK II.

A SACRED standard rule we find,
By poets held time out of mind,
To offer at Apollo's shrine,
And call on one or all the Nine.
  This custom thro' a bigot zeal,
Which Moderns of fine taste must feel
For those who wrote in days of yore,
Adopted stands like many more,
Tho' ev'ry cause which then conspir'd
To make it practis'd and admir'd,
Yielding to Time's destructive course,
For ages past hath lost it's force.
  With ancient bards an invocation
Was a true act of adoration,
Of worship an essential part,
And not a formal piece of art,
Of paltry reading a parade,
A dull solemnity in trade,
A pious fever, taught to burn
An hour or two to serve a turn.
  They talk'd not of Castalian springs
By way of saying pretty things,
As we dress out our flimsy rhymes;
'Twas the religion of the times;

And they believ'd that holy stream
With greater force made fancy teem,
Reckon'd by all a true specific
To make the barren brain prolific:
Thus Romish church, (a scheme which bears
Not half so much excuse as theirs)
Since Faith implicitly hath taught her,
Reveres the force of holy water.
  The Pagan system, whether true
Or false, it's strength, like buildings, drew
From many parts dispos'd to bear
In one great whole their proper share.
Each god of eminent degree
To some vast beam compar'd might be;
Each godling was a peg, or rather
A cramp, to keep the beams together:
And man as safely might pretend
From Jove the thunderbolt to rend
As with an impious pride aspire
To rob Apollo of his lyre.
  With settled faith and pious awe,
Establish'd by the voice of Law,
Then poets to the Muses came,
And from their altars caught the flame.
Genius, with Phœbus for his guide,
The Muse ascending by his side,
With tow'ring pinions dar'd to soar
Where eye could scarcely strain before.

But why should we, who cannot feel
These glowings of a Pagan zeal,
That wild enthusiastic force,
By which, above her common course,
Nature in ecstasy upborne,
Look'd down on earthly things with scorn;
Who have no more regard, 'tis known,
For their religion than our own;
And feel not half so fierce a flame
At Clio's as at Fisher's name;
Who know these sacred boasted streams
Were mere romantick idle dreams,
That Thames has waters clear as those
Which on the top of Pindus rose;
And that the fancy to refine
Water's not half so good as wine,
Who know, if profit strikes our eye,
Should we drink Helicon quite dry;
Th' whole fountain would not thither lead
So soon as one poor jug from Tweed;
Who, if to raise poetic fire,
The pow'r of beauty we require,
In any publick place can view
More than the Grecians ever knew,
If wit into the scale is thrown
Can boast a Lennox of our own;
Why should we servile customs choose,
And court an antiquated Muse?

No matter why—to ask a reason
In pedant bigotry, is treason.
In the broad, beaten turnpike road
Of hackney'd panegyric ode,
No modern poet dares to ride
Without Apollo by his side,
Nor in a sonnet take the air
Unless his lady Muse be there;
She from some amaranthine grove,
Where little Loves and Graces rove,
The laurel to my lord must bear,
Or garlands make for whores to wear;
She with soft elegiac verse
Must grace some mighty villain's hearse;
Or for some infant, doom'd by Fate
To wallow in a large estate,
With rhymes the cradle must adorn,
To tell the world a fool is born.
Since then our Critic Lords expect
No hardy poet should reject
Establish'd maxims, or presume
To place much better in their room,
By nature fearful, I submit,
And in this dearth of sense and wit,
With nothing done and little said,
(By wild excursive Fancy led
Into a Second Book thus far,
Like some unwary traveller,

Whom vary'd scenes of wood and lawn
With treacherous delight have drawn,
Deluded from his purpos'd way,
Whom ev'ry step leads more astray,
Who gazing round can no where spy
Or house or friendly cottage nigh;
And resolutions seem to lack
To venture forward or go back)
Invoke some goddess to descend,
And help me to my journey's end;
Tho' conscious Arrow all the while
Hears the petition with a smile,
Before the glass her charms unfolds,
And in herself my Muse beholds.

Truth, goddess of celestial birth,
But little lov'd or known on earth,
Whose pow'r but seldom rules the heart,
Whose name with hypocritic art
An errant stalking-horse is made,
A snug pretence to drive a trade,
An instrument convenient grown
To plant more firmly Falsehood's throne
As rebels varnish o'er their cause
With specious colouring of laws,
And pious traitors draw the knife
In the king's name against his life;
Whether (from cities far away,
Where Fraud and Falsehood scorn thy sway)

The faithful nymph's and shepherd's pride,
With Love and Virtue by thy side,
Your hours in harmless joys are spent
Amongst the children of Content,
Or, fond of gaiety and sport,
You tread the round of England's court,
Howe'er my Lord may frowning go,
And treat the stranger as a foe,
Sure to be found a welcome guest
In George's and in Charlotte's breast;
If in the giddy hours of youth
My constant soul adher'd to truth;
If from the time I first wrote Man
I still pursu'd thy sacred plan;
Tempted by Interest in vain
To wear mean Falsehood's golden chain;
If for a season drawn away,
Starting from Virtue's path astray;
All low disguise I scorn'd to try,
And dar'd to sin but not to lie:
Hither, O hither! condescend,
Eternal Truth! thy steps to bend,
And favour him who ev'ry hour
Confesses and obeys thy pow'r!
But come not with that easy mien,
By which you won the lively Dean;
Nor yet assume that strumpet air
Which Rab'lais taught thee first to wear;

Nor yet that arch ambiguous face
Which with Cervantes gave thee grace;
But come in sacred vesture clad,
Solemnly dull and truly sad!
  Far from thy seemly, matron train
Be idiot Mirth and Laughter vain!
For Wit and Humour, which pretend
At once to please us and amend,
They are not for my present turn;
Let them remain in France with Sterne.
  Of noblest City-parents born,
Whom wealth and dignities adorn,
Who still one constant tenour keep,
Not quite awake nor quite asleep,
With thee let formal Dulness come,
And deep Attention, ever dumb,
Who on her lips her fingers lays,
Whilst ev'ry circumstance she weighs,
Whose downcast eye is often found
Bent without motion to the ground,
Or to some outward thing confin'd
Remits no image to the mind;
No pregnant mark of meaning bears,
But stupid without vision stares:
Thy steps let Gravity attend,
Wisdom's and Truth's unerring friend,
For one may see with half an eye,
That Gravity can never lie;

And his arch'd brow pull'd o'er his eyes
With solemn proof proclaims him wise.
Free from all waggeries and sports,
The produce of luxurious courts;
Where sloth and lust enervate youth,
Come thou, a downright City Truth;
The City, which we ever find
A sober pattern for mankind;
Where man, in equilibrio hung,
Is seldom old and never young,
And from the cradle to the grave,
Not Virtue's friend nor Vice's slave;
As dancers on the wire we spy,
Hanging between the earth and sky.
She comes—I see her from afar
Bending her course to Temple Bar;
All sage and silent is her train,
Deportment grave and garments plain,
Such as may suit a parson's wear,
And fit the head-piece of a may'r.
By Truth inspir'd our Bacon's force
Open'd the way to learning's source;
Boyle thro' the works of Nature ran,
And Newton, something more than man,
Div'd into Nature's hidden springs,
Laid bare the principles of things;
Above the earth our spirits bore,
And gave us worlds unknown before.

By Truth inspir'd, when Lauder's spight,
O'er Milton cast the veil of night,
Douglas arose, and thro' the maze
Of intricate and winding ways
Came where the subtle traitor lay,
And dragg'd him trembling to the day;
Whilst he, (O shame to noblest parts,
Dishonour to the lib'ral arts,
To traffic in so vile a scheme!)
Whilst he, our letter'd Polypheme,
Who had confed'rate forces join'd,
Like a base coward sculk'd behind.
By Truth inspir'd our critics go
To track Fingal in Highland snow,
To form their own and others creed
From manuscripts they cannot read.
By Truth inspir'd we numbers see
Of each profession and degree,
Gentle and simple, lord and cit,
Wit without wealth, wealth without wit;
When Punch and Sheridan have done,
To Fanny's Ghostly lectures run.
By Truth and Fanny now inspir'd
I feel my glowing bosom fir'd;
Desire beats high in ev'ry vein
To sing the spirit of Cock Lane,
To tell (just as the measure flows
In halting rhyme, half verse, half prose)

With more than mortal arts endu'd,
How she united force withstood;
And proudly gave a brave defiance
To Wit and Dulness in alliance.
This apparition (with relation
To ancient modes of derivation,
This we may properly so call,
Altho' it ne'er appears at all,
As by the way of inuendo
Lucus is made *a non lucendo*)
Superior to the vulgar mode,
Nobly disdains that servile road
Which coward Ghosts, as it appears,
Have walk'd in, full five thousand years,
And, for restraint too mighty grown,
Strikes out a method of her own.
Others may meanly start away,
Aw'd by the herald of the day,
With faculties too weak to bear
The freshness of the morning air,
May vanish with the melting gloom,
And glide in silence to the tomb,
She dares the sun's most piercing light,
And knocks by day as well as night:
Others, with mean and partial view
Their visits pay to one or two;
She, great in reputation grown,
Keeps the best company in town

Our active enterprising Ghost,
As large and splendid routs can boast
As those which—rais'd by Pride's command,
Block up the passage thro' the Strand.
  Great adepts in the fighting trade,
Who serv'd their time on the Parade,
She saints, who, true to Pleasure's plan,
Talk about God, and lust for man;
Wits who believe nor God nor Ghost,
And fools who worship ev'ry post;
Cowards, whose lips with war are hung;
Men truly brave, who hold their tongue;
Courtiers, who laugh they know not why,
And cits, who for the same cause cry;
The canting Tabernacle brother,
(For one rogue still suspects another;)
Ladies who to a spirit fly
Rather than with their husbands lie;
Lords who as chastly pass their lives
With other women as their wives;
Proud of their intellects and clothes,
Physicians, lawyers, parsons, beaux,
And, truant from their desks and shops,
Spruce Temple clerks and 'prentice fops,
To Fanny come, with the same view,
To find her false or find her true.
  Hark! something creeps about the house!
Is it a spirit or a mouse?

Hark! something scratches round the room!
A cat, a rat, a stubb'd birch broom.
Hark! on the wainscot now it knocks!
"If thou'rt a Ghost," cry'd Orthodox,
With that affected solemn air
Which hypocrites delight to wear,
And all those forms of consequence
Which fools adopt instead of sense—
"If thou'rt a Ghost, who from the tomb
Stalks sadly silent thro' this gloom,
In breach of Nature's stated laws,
Fot good or bad, or for no cause,
Give now nine knocks; like priests of old,
Nine we a sacred number hold."
  "Psha!" cry'd Profound, (a man of parts,
Deep read in all the curious arts,
Who to their hidden springs had trac'd
The force of numbers rightly plac'd)
"As to the number you are right,
As to the form mistaken quite.
What's nine?—Your adepts all agree
The virtue lies in three times three."
  He said, nor need to say it twice,
For thrice she knock'd, and thrice and thrice.
  The crowd, confounded and amaz'd,
In silence at each other gaz'd;
From Cælia's hand the snuff-box fell,
Tinsel, who ogled with the belle,

To pick it up attempts in vain;
He stoops, but cannot rise again.
Immane Pomposo was not heard
T'import one crabbed foreign word;
Fear seizes heroes, fools, and wits,
And Plausible his pray'rs forgets.
   At length, as people just awake,
Into wild dissonance they break;
All talk'd at once, but not a word
Was understood or plainly heard.
Such is the noise of chatt'ring geese
Slow sailing on the summer breeze;
Such is the language Discord speaks
In Welsh women o'er beds of leeks;
Such the confus'd and horrid sounds
Of Irish in potatoe grounds.
   But tir'd, for even C——'s tongue
Is not on iron hinges hung,
Fear and Confusion sound retreat,
Reason and Order take their seat.
The fact confirm'd beyond all doubt,
They now would find the causes out;
For this a sacred rule we find
Among the nicest of mankind,
Which never might exception brook
From Hobbes ev'n down to Bolingbroke,
To doubt of facts, however true,
Unless they know the causes too.

Trifle, of whom 'twas hard to tell
When he intended ill or well,
Who to prevent all farther pother
Probably meant nor one nor t' other;
Who to be silent always loth
Would speak on either side or both;
Who led away by love of fame,
If any new idea came,
Whate'er it made for, always said it,
Not with an eye to truth, but credit;
For orators professed, 'tis known,
Talk not for our sake but their own;
Who always show'd his talents best
When serious things were turn'd to jest,
And under much impertinence
Possess'd no common share of sense;
Who could deceive the flying hours
With chat on butterflies and flow'rs;
Could talk of powder, patches, paint,
With the same zeal as of a saint;
Could prove a Sibyl brighter far
Than Venus or the Morning Star;
Whilst something still so gay, so new,
The smile of approbation drew,
And females ey'd the charming man,
Whilst their hearts flutter'd with their fan;
Trifle, who would by no means miss
An opportunity like this,

Proceeding on his usual plan,
Smil'd, strok'd his chin, and thus began:
" With shears or scissars, sword or knife,
When the Fates cut the thread of life;
(For if we to the grave are sent
No matter with what instrument)
The body in some lonely spot
On dunghill vile is laid to rot;
Or sleeps among more holy dead,
With pray'rs irreverently read,
The soul is sent where Fate ordains
To reap rewards, or suffer pains.
The virtuous to those mansions go,
Where pleasures unembitter'd flow,
Where, leading up a jocund band,
Vigour and Youth dance hand in hand;
Whilst Zephyr with harmonious gales
Pipes softest music thro' the vales;
And Spring and Flora, gaily crown'd,
With velvet carpets spread the ground;
With livelier blush where roses bloom,
And ev'ry shrub perspires perfume,
Where crystal streams meandring glide,
Where warbling flows the amber tide,
Where other suns dart brighter beams,
And light thro' purer ether streams.
Far other seats, far diff'rent state,
The sons of Wickedness await.

Justice, (not that old hag I mean
Who 's nightly in the garden seen,
Who lets no spark of mercy rise,
For crimes by which men lose their eyes;
Nor her who with an equal hand
Weighs tea and sugar in the Strand;
Nor her who, by the world deem'd wise,
Deaf to the widow's piercing cries,
Steel'd 'gainst the starving orphan's tears,
On pawns her base tribunal rears;
But her who after death presides,
Whom sacred Truth unerring guides,
Who, free from partial influence,
Nor sinks nor raises evidence,
Before whom nothing 's in the dark,
Who takes no bribe, and keeps no clerk)
Justice with equal scale below,
In due proportion weighs out wo,
And always with such lucky aim
Knows punishments so fit to frame,
That she augments their grief and pain,
Leaving no reason to complain.
  Old maids and rakes are join'd together,
Coquettes and prudes, like April weather;
Wits forc'd to chum with Common Sense,
And Lust is yok'd to Impotence;
Professors (Justice so decreed)
Unpaid must constant lectures read;

PAGE NO- 50,51 MISSING IN ORIGINAL;

Encourag'd by the cloudless day,
Like gilded butterflies at play,
So lively all, so gay, so brisk,
In air they flutter, float, and frisk.
The belle (what mortal doth not know
Belles after death admire a beaux ?)
With happy grace renews her art
To trap the coxcomb's wand'ring heart;
And after death, as whilst they live,
A heart is all which beaux can give.
In some still, solemn, sacred shade
Behold a group of authors laid,
Newspaper wits and sonnetteers,
Gentlemen bards, and rhyming peers,
Biographers, whose wondrous worth
Is scarce remember'd now on earth,
Whom Fielding's humour led astray,
And plaintive fops, debauch'd by Gray,
All sit together in a ring,
And laugh and prattle, write and sing.
On his own works, with laurel crown'd,
Neatly and elegantly bound,
(For this is one of many rules
With writing lords and laureate fools,
And which for ever must succeed
With other lords who cannot read,
However destitute of wit,
To make their works for bookcase fit)

Acknowledg'd master of those seats,
Cibber his Birth-Day Odes repeats.
With triumph now possess that seat,
With triumph now thy Odes repeat;
Unrivall'd vigils proudly keep,
Whilst ev'ry hearer's lull'd to sleep;
But know, illustrious Bard! when Fate,
Which still pursues thy name with hate,
The legal laurel blasts, which now
Blooms on the placid Whitehead's brow,
Low must descend thy pride and fame,
And Cibber's be the second name."
Here Trifle cough'd (for coughing still
Bears witness of the speaker's skill,
A necessary piece of art,
Of rhet'rick an essential part,
And adepts in the speaking trade
Keep a cough by them ready made,
Which they succesfully dispense
When at a loss for words or sense)
Here Trifle cough'd, here paus'd—but while
He strove to recollect his smile,
That happy engine of his art,
Which triumph'd o'er the female heart,
Credulity, the child of Folly,
Begot on cloyster'd Melancholy,
Who heard, with grief, the florid fool
Turn sacred things to ridicule,

And saw him led by whim away,
Still farther from the subject stray,
Just in the happy luck, aloud,
In shape of M—e, address'd the crowd.
"Were we with patience here to sit,
Dupes to th' impertinence of wit,
Till Trifle his harangue should end,
A Greenland night we might attend,
Whilst he with fluency of speech,
Would various mighty nothings teach.
(Here Trifle, sternly looking down,
Gravely endeavour'd at a frown,
But Nature unawares stept in,
And mocking, turn'd it to a grin.)
And when, in Fancy's chariot hurl'd,
We had been carry'd round the world,
Involv'd in errour still and doubt,
He'd leave us where we first set out.
Thus soldiers (in whose exercise
Material use with grandeur vies
Lift up their legs with mighty pain,
Only to set them down again.
Believe ye not (yes, all I see
In sound belief concur with me)
That Providence, for worthy ends,
To us unknown, this Spirit sends?
Tho' speechless lay the trembling tongue,
Your faith was on your features hung:

Your faith! I in your eyes could see,
When all were pale and star'd like me:
But scruples to prevent, and root
Out ev'ry shadow of dispute,
Pomposo, Plausible, and I,
With Fanny have agreed to try
A deep concerted scheme—this night
To fix or to destroy her quite.
If it be true, before we 'ave done
We'll make it glaring as the sun;
If it be farse, admit no doubt
Ere morning's dawn we'll find it out.
Into the vaulted womb of Death,
Where Fanny now, depriv'd of breath,
Lies fest'ring, whilst her troubled sprite
Adds horror to the gloom of night,
Will we descend, and bring from thence
Proofs of such force to common sense,
Vain triflers shall no more deceive,
And Atheists tremble and believe."
He said, and ceas'd; the chamber rung
With due applause from ev'ry tongue:
The mingled sound (now let me see
Something by way of simile)
Was it more like Strymonian cranes,
Or winds low murm'ring when it rains,
Or drowsy hum of clustering bees,
Or the hoarse roar of angry seas?

Or (still to heighten and explain,
For else our simile is vain)
Shall we declare it, like all four,
A scream, a murmur, hum, and roar?
Let fancy now in awful state
Present this great triumvirate,
(A method which receiv'd we find
In other cases by mankind)
Elected with a joint consent
All fools in town to represent,
The clock strikes twelve—M--e starts and swears.
In oaths, we know, as well as pray'rs,
Religion lies, and a church brother
May use at will at one or t' other;
Plausible from his cassock drew
A holy manual, seeming new;
A book it was of private pray'r,
But not a pin the worse for wear;
For, as we by the by may say,
None but small saints in private pray.
Religion, fairest maid on earth!
As meek as good, who drew her birth
From that bless'd union, when in heav'n
Plessure was bride to Virtue given;
Religion! ever pleas'd to pray,
Possess'd the precious gift one day;
Hypocrisy, of Cunning born,
Crept in and stole it ere the morn;

Wh—te—d, that greatest of all saints,
Who always prays and never faints,
(Whom she to her own brother bore,
Rapine and Lust, on Severn's shore)
Receiv'd it from the squinting dame;
From him to Plausible it came,
Who, with unusual care opprest
Now, trembling, pull'd it from his breast:
Doubts in his boding heart arise,
And fancy'd spectres blast his eyes;
Devotion springs from abject fear,
And stamps his prayers for once sincere.
 Pomposo, (insolent and loud,
Vain idol of a scribbling crowd,
Whose very name inspires an awe,
Whose ev'ry word is sense and law,
For what his greatness hath decreed,
Like laws of Persia and of Mede,
Sacred thro' all the realm of Wit,
Must never of repeal admit;
Who, cursing flatt'ry, is the tool
Of ev'ry fawning flatt'ring fool;
Who wit with jealous eye surveys,
And sickens at another's praise;
Who, proudly seiz'd of Learning's throne,
Now damns all learning but his own;
Who scorns those common wares to trade in,
Reas'ning, convincing, and persuading,

But makes each sentence current pass
With puppy, coxcomb, scoundrel, ass;
For 'tis with him a certain rule,
The folly's prov'd when he calls fool;
Who, to increase his native strength,
Draws words six syllables in length,
With which, assisted with a frown
By way of club, he knocks us down;
Who 'bove the vulgar dares to rise,
And sense of decency defies;
For this same decency is made
Only for bunglers in the trade,
And, like the cob-web laws, is still
Broke thro' by great ones when they will)—
Pomposo, with strong sense supply'd,
Supported and confirm'd by pride,
His comrades terrors to beguile
Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile:
Features so horrid, were it light,
Would put the devil himself to flight.
Such were the three in name and worth
Whom zeal and Judgment singled forth
To try the sprite on reason's plan,
Whether it was of God or man.
Dark was the night; it was that hour
When terror reigns in fullest pow'r,
When, as the learn'd of old have said,
The yawning grave gives up her dead;

When Murder, Rapine by her side
Stalks o'er the earth with giant stride;
Our Quixotes (for that knight of old
Was not in truth by half so bold,
Tho' reason at the same time cries,
Our Quixotes are not half so wise,
Since they, with other follies, boast,
An expedition 'gainst a ghost)
Thro' the dull deep surrounding gloom,
In close array, t'wrds Fanny's tomb
Adventur'd forth; Caution before,
With heedful step, the lanthorn bore,
Pointing at graves; and in the rear,
Trembling, and talking loud, went Fear.
The churchyard teem'd—th' unsettled ground,
As in an ague, shook around;
While, in some dreary vault confin'd,
Or riding on the hollow wind,
Horror, which turns the heart to stone,
In dreadful sounds was heard to groan.
All staring, wild, and out of breath,
At length they reach the place of death.
A vault it was, long time apply'd
To hold the last remains of pride:
No beggar there of humble race,
And humble fortunes, finds a place;
To rest in pomp as well as ease
The only way's to pay the fees.

Fools, rogues, and whores, if rich and great,
Proud ev'n in death, here rot in state.
No thieves disrobe the well-dress'd dead,
No plumbers steal the sacred lead;
Quiet and safe the bodies lie;
No sextons sell, no surgeons buy.
Thrice each the pond'rous key apply'd,
And thrice to turn it vainly try'd,
'Till taught by Prudence to unite,
And straining with collected might,
The stubborn wards resist no more,
But open flies the growling door.
Three paces back they fell, amaz'd,
Like statues stood, like madmen gaz'd;
The frighted blood forsakes the face,
And seeks the heart with quicker pace;
The throbbing heart its fears declares,
And upright stand the bristled hairs;
The head in wild distraction swims,
Cold sweats bedew the trembling limbs;
Nature, whilst fears her bosom chill,
Suspends her powers, and life stands still.
Thus had they stood till now; but Shame
(An useful tho' neglected dame,
By Heav'n design'd the friend of man,
Tho' we degrade her all we can,
And strive, as our first proof of wit,
Her name and nature to forget)

Came to their aid in happy hour,
And with a wand of mighty pow'r
Struck on their hearts; vain fears subside,
And baffled, leave the field to Pride.
Shall they, (forbid it, Fame!) shall they
The dictates of vile Fear obey?
Shall they, the idols of the Town,
To bugbears fancy-form'd bow down?
Shall they who greatest zeal exprest,
And undertook for all the rest,
Whose matchless courage all admire,
Inglorious from the task retire?
How would the wicked ones rejoice,
And infidels exalt their voice,
If M—e and Plausible were found,
By shadows aw'd, to quit their ground?
How would fools laugh, should it appear
Pomposo was the slave of fear?
"Perish the thought! tho' to our eyes
"In all its terrors hell should rise,
"Tho' thousand Ghosts in dread array,
"With glaring eyeballs cross our way;
"Tho' Caution, trembling, stands aloof,
"Still we will on, and dare the proof."
They said; and, without farther halt,
Dauntless march'd onward to the vault.
What mortal men who e'er drew breath
Shall break into the house of Death,

With foot unhallow'd, and from thence
The myst'ries of that state dispense,
Unless they with due rites prepare
Their weaker sense such sights to bear,
And gain permission from the state
On earth their journal to relate?
Poets themselves, without a crime,
Cannot attempt it ev'n in rhyme,
But always on such grand occasion
Prepare a solemn invocation,
A posy for grim Pluto weave,
And in smooth numbers ask his leave.
But why this caution? why prepare
Rites needless now? for thrice in air
The spirit of the Night hath sneez'd,
And thrice has clapp'd his wings well-pleas'd.
Descend, then, Truth, and guard thy side,
My Muse, my patroness, and guide!
Let others at invention aim,
And seek by falsities for fame;
Our story wants not at this time,
Flounces and furbelows in rhyme:
Relate plain facts; be brief and bold;
And let the poets fam'd of old
Seek, whilst our artless tale we tell,
In vain to find a parallel.
Silent all three went in; about
All three turn'd silent, and came out.

THE GHOST.

BOOK III.

It was the hour when huswife Morn
With pearl and linen hangs each thorn;
When happy bards, who can regale
Their Muse with country air and ale,
Ramble a-field to brooks and bow'rs
To pick up sentiments and flow'rs,
When dogs and squires from kennel fly,
And hogs and farmers quit their sty,
When my Lord rises to the chase,
And brawney chaplain takes his place.
These images, or bad or good,
If they are rightly understood,
Sagacious readers must allow
Proclaim us in the country now;
For observations mostly rise
From objects just before our eyes,
And ev'ry lord, in critic wit,
Can tell you where the piece was writ,
Can point out as he goes along
(And who shall dare to say he's wrong?)
Whether the warmth (for bards, we know,
At present never more than glow)

Was in the Town or country caught,
By the peculiar turn of thought.
It was the hour—tho' critics frown,
We now declare ourselves in Town,
Nor will a moment's pause allow
For finding when we came, or how,
The man who deals in humble prose,
Ty'd down by rule and method goes,
But they who court the vig'rous Muse
Their carriage have a right to chuse.
Free as the air, and unconfin'd,
Swift as the motions of the mind,
The poet darts from place to place,
And instant bounds o'er time and space;
Nature (whilst blended fire and skill
Inflame our passions to his will)
Smiles at her violated laws,
And crowns his daring with applause.
Should here be still some rigid few
Who keep propriety in view,
Whose heads turn round, and cannot bear
This whirling passage thro' the air,
Free leave have such at home to sit,
And write a regimen for wit;
To clip our pinions let them try,
Not having heart themselves to fly.
It was the hour when devotees
Breathe pious curses on their knees;

When they with prayers the day begin
To sanctify a night of sin;
When rogues of modesty, who roam
Under the veil of night, sneak home,
That free from all restraint and awe,
Just to the windward of the law,
Less modest rogues their tricks may play,
And plunder in the face of day.
But hold—Whilst thus we play the fool,
In bold contempt of ev'ry rule,
Things of no consequence expressing,
Describing now, and now digressing,
To the discredit of our skill,
The main concern is standing still.
In plays indeed, when storms of rage
Tempest'ous in the soul engage,
Or when the spirits weak and low
Are sunk in deep distress and wo.
With strict propriety we hear
Description stealing on the ear,
And put off feeling half an hour
To thatch a cot or paint a flower;
But in these serious works, design'd
To mend the morals of mankind,
We must for ever be disgrac'd,
With all the nicer sons of taste,
If once, the shadow to pursue,
We let the substance out of view.

Our means must uniformly tend
In due proportion to their end,
And ev'ry passage aptly join
To bring about the one design,
Our friend themselves cannot admit
This rambling, wild, digressive wit:
No—not those very friends who found
Their credit on the self-same ground.
  Peace, my good grumbling Sir—For once,
Sunk in the solemn formal dunce,
This coxcomb shall your fears beguile——
We will be dull—that you may smile.
  Come, Method! come in all thy pride,
Dulness and Whitehead by thy side;
Dulness and Method still are one,
And Whitehead is their darling son:
Not he whose pen, above control,
Struck terror to the guilty soul,
Made Folly tremble thro' her state,
And villains blush at being great,
Whilst he himself, with steady face
Disdaining modesty and grace,
Could blunder on thro' thick and thin,
Thro' ev'ry mean and servile sin,
Yet swear by Philip and by Paul
He nobly scorn'd to blush at all;
But he who in the laureate chair,
By grace not merit planted there,

In awkward pomp is seen to sit,
And by his patent proves his wit;
For favours of the great we know
Can wit as well as rank bestow,
And they who, without one pretension,
Can get for fools a place or pension,
Must able be suppos'd of course
(If reason is allow'd due force)
To give such qualities and grace
As may equip them for the place.
But he who measures as he goes
A mongrel kind of tinkling prose,
And is too frugal to dispense,
At once both poetry and sense;
Who, from amidst his slumb'ring guards,
Deals out a charge to subject bards,
Where couplets after couplets creep
Propitious to the reign of sleep;
Yet ev'ry word imprints an awe,
And all his dictates pass for law
With beaux, who simper all around,
And belles, who die in ev'ry sound;
For in all things of this relation
Men mostly jndge from situation,
Not in a thousand find we one
Who really weighs what's said or done;
They deal out censure or give credit
Merely from him who did or said it.

But he—who happily serene,
Means nothing, yet would seem to mean,
Who rules and cautions can dispense
With all that humble insolence
Which impudence in vain would teach,
And none but modest men can reach,
Who adds to sentiments the grace
Of always being out of place,
And drawls out morals with an air
A gentleman would blush to wear,
Who on the chastest, simplest plan,
As chaste, as simple, as the man,
Without or character or plot,
Nature unknown and art forgot,
Can with much racking of the brains,
And years consum'd in letter'd pains,
A heap of words together lay,
And, smirking, call the thing A Play;
Who, champion sworn in Virtue's cause,
'Gainst Vice his tiny bodkin draws,
But to no part of prudence stranger,
First blunts the point for fear of danger.
So nurses sage, as caution works,
When children first use knives and forks,
For fear of mischief, it is known,
To others' fingers or their own,
To take the edge off wisely chuse,
Tho' the same stroke takes off the use.

Thee, Whitehead! thee I now invoke,
Sworn foe to satire's gen'rous stroke,
Which makes unwilling conscience feel,
And wounds, but only wounds to heal:
Good-natur'd easy creature! mild,
And gentle as a newborn child,
Thy heart would never once admit
Ev'n wholesome rigour to thy wit;
Thy head, if conscience should comply,
It's kind assistance would deny,
And lend thee neither force nor art
To drive it onward to the heart.
O may thy sacred pow'r controul
Each fiercer working of my soul,
Damp ev'ry spark of genuine fire,
And languors like thine own inspire!
Trite be each thought, and ev'ry line
As moral and as dull as thine.
Pois'd in mid-air—(it matters not
To ascertain the very spot,
Nor yet to give you a relation
How it eluded gravitation——)
Hung a watch-tow'r—by Vulcan plann'd
With such rare skill by Jove's command,
That ev'ry word which whisper'd here
Scarce vibrates to the neighbour ear,
On the still bosom of the air
Is borne, and heard distinctly there,

The palace of an ancient dame,
Whom men as well as gods call fame.
  A prattling gossip, on whose tongue
Proof of perpetual motion hung,
Whose lungs in strength all lungs surpass,
Like her own trumpet made of brass;
Who with an hundred pair of eyes
The vain attacks of sleep defies,
Who with an hundred pair of wings
News from the farthest quarters brings,
Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,
All that she knows, and ten times more.
  Not all the virtues which we find
Concentred in a Hunter's mind
Can make her spare the ranc'rous tale,
If in one point she chance to fail;
Or if, once in a thousand years,
A perfect character appears,
Such as of late with joy and pride
My soul possess'd ere Arrow dy'd;
Or such an envy must allow
The world enjoys in H—— now;
This hag, who aims at all alike,
At virtues ev'n like theirs will strike,
And make faults in the way of trade,
When she cann't find them ready made.
  All things she takes in, small and great,
Talks of a toyshop and a state,

Of wits and fools, of saints and kings,
Of garters, stars, and leading strings,
Of old lords fumbling for a clap,
And young ones full of pray'r and pap,
Of courts, of morals, and tiewigs,
Of bears and serjeants dancing jigs,
Of grave professors at the bar
Learning to thrum on the guitar,
Whilst laws are slubber'd o'er in haste,
And judgment sacrific'd to taste;
Of whited sepulchres, lawn sleeves,
And God's house made a den of thieves;
Of fun'ral pomp, where clamours hung,
And fix'd disgrace on ev'ry tongue,
Whilst Sense and Order blush'd to see
Nobles without humanity;
Of coronations where each heart
With honest raptures bore a part;
Of City Feasts, where Elegance
Was proud her colours to advance,
And Gluttony, uncommon case,
Could only get the second place;
Of new-rais'd pillars in the state,
Who must be good as being great;
Of shoulders on which honours sit
Almost as clumsily as wit;
Of doughty knights whom titles please,
But not the payment of the fees;

Of lectures, whither ev'ry soul
In second childhood goes to school;
Of gray-beards, deaf to Reason's call,
From Inn of Court or City Hall,
Whom youthful appetites enslave
With one foot fairly in the grave,
By help of crutch a needful brother,
Learning of Hart to dance with t' other;
Of doctors regularly bred
To fill the mansions of the dead;
Of quacks (for quacks they must be still
Who save when forms require to kill)
Who life, and health, and vigor, give
To him not one would wish to live;
Of artists who, with noblest view,
Disinterested plans pursue,
For trembling worth the ladder raise,
And mark out the ascent to praise;
Of arts and sciences, where meet
Sublime, profound, and all complete,
A set (whom at some fitter time
The Muse shall consecrate in rhyme)
Who, humble artists to outdo,
A far more lib'ral plan pursue,
And let their well judg'd premiums fall
On those who have no worth at all;
Of signpost exhibitions, rais'd
For laughter more than to be prais'd,

(Tho' by the way we cannot see
Why praise and laughter may n't agree)
Where genuine humour runs to waste,
And justly chides our want of taste,
Censur'd like other things, tho' good,
Because they are not understood.
To higher subjects now she soars,
And talks of politics and whores,
(If to your nice and chaster ears
That term indelicate appears,
Scripture politely shall refine
And melt it into Concubine)
In the same breath spread Bourbon's league,
And publishes the grand intrigue;
In Brussels or our own Gazette
Makes armies fight which never met,
And circulate the pox or plague
To London by the way of Hague.
For all the lies which there appear
Stamp'd with authority come here,
Borrows as freely from the gabble
Of some rude leader of a rabble,
Or from the quaint harangues of those
Who lead a nation by the nose,
As from those storms which void of art
Burst from our honest patriot's heart
When Eloquence and Virtue (late
Remark'd to live in mutual hate)

Fond of each other's friendship grown,
Claim ev'ry sentence for their own,
And with an equal joy recites
Parade amours and halfpay fights
Perform'd by heroes of fair weather
Merely by dint of lace and feather,
As those rare acts which Honour taught
Our daring sons where Granby fought,
Or those which with superior skill
S—— achiev'd by standing still.
This hag (the curious, if they please,
May search from earliest times to these,
And poets they will always see
With gods and goddesses make free,
Treating them all except the Muse
As scarcely fit to wipe their shoes)
Who had beheld him first to last
How our triumvirate had past
Night's dreadful interval, and heard
With strict attention ev'ry word,
Soon as she saw return of light
On sounding pin'ons took her flight.
Swift thro' the regions of the sky,
Above the reach of human eye,
Onward she drove the furious blast,
And rapid as a whirlwind past
O'er countries once the seats of taste,
By time and ignorance laid waste,

O'er lands were former ages saw
Reason and truth the only law;
Where arts and arms, and public love,
In gen'rous emulation strove;
Where kings were proud of legal sway,
And subjects happy to obey,
Tho' now in slav'ry sunk, and broke
To Superstition's galling yoke;
Of arts, of arms, no more they tell,
Or freedom, which with science fell:
By tyrants aw'd, who never find
The passage to their people's mind,
To whom the joy was never known
Of planting in the heart their throne;
Far from all prospect of relief,
Their hours in fruitless pray'rs and grief
For loss of blessings they employ,
Which we unthankfully enjoy.
  Now is the time (had we the will)
T' amaze the reader with our skill,
To pour out such a flood of knowledge
As might suffice for a whole college,
Whilst with a true poetic force
We trac'd the goddess in her course,
Sweetly describing in our flight
Each common and uncommon sight,
Making our journal gay and pleasant
With things long past and things now present.

Rivers—once nymphs—(a transformation
Is mighty pretty in relation)
From great authorities we know
Will matter for a tale bestow:
To make the observation clear
We give our friends an instance here
The day (that never is forgot)
Was very fine, but very hot;
The nymph (another gen'ral rule)
Inflam'd with heat, laid down to cool;
Her hair (we no exceptions find)
Wav'd careless, floating in the wind;
Her heaving breasts, like summer seas,
Seem'd am'rous of the playful breeze;
Should fond Description tune our lays
In choicest accents to her praise,
Description we at last should find,
Baffled and weak, would halt behind.
Nature had form'd her to inspire
In ev'ry bosom soft desire,
Passions to raise she could not feel,
Wounds to inflict she would not heal.
A god (his name is no great matter,
Perhaps a Jove, perhaps a Satyr)
Raging with lust, a godlike flame,
By chance, as usual, thither came,
With gloating eyes the fair one view'd,
Desir'd her first, and then pursu'd;

She (for what other can she do?)
Must fly—or how can he pursue?
The Muse (so custom hath decreed)
Now proves her spirit by her speed,
Nor must one limping line disgrace
The life and vigor of the race.
She runs and he runs, till at length,
Quite destitute of breath and strength,
To Heav'n (for there we all apply,
For help, when there's no other nigh)
She offers up her virgin pray'r,
(Can virgins pray unpity'd there?)
And when the god thinks he has caught her,
Slips thro' his hands, and runs to water,
Becomes a stream, in which the poet
If he has any wit may show it.
  A city once for pow'r renown'd,
Now levell'd even to the ground,
Beyond all doubt is a direction
To introduce some fine reflection.
  Ah! woful me! ah! woful man!
Ah! woful all, do all we can!
Who can on earthly things depend
From one to t'other moment's end?
Honour, wit, genius, wealth, and glory,
Good lack! good lack! are transitory;
Nothing is sure and stable found,
The very earth itself turns round:

Monarchs, nay ministers, must die,
Must rot, must stink—Ah, me! ah, why?
Cities themselves in time decay;
If cities thus—ah! well-a-day!
If brick and mortar have an end
On what can flesh and blood depend!
Ah! woful me! ah! woful man!
Ah! woful all, do all we can!
England, (for that's at last the scene
Tho' worlds on worlds should rise between,
Whither we must our course pursue)
England should call into review
Times long since past indeed, but not
By Englishmen to be forgot,
Tho' England, once so dear to Fame,
Sinks in Great Britain's dearer name.
Here could we mention chiefs of old,
In plain and rugged honour bold,
To virtue kind, to vice severe,
Strangers to bribery and fear,
Who kept no wretched clans in awe,
Who never broke or warp'd the law;
Patriots whom, in her better days,
Old Rome might have been proud to raise;
Who, steady to their country's claim,
Boldly stood up in Freedom's name,
Ev'n to the teeth of tyrant Pride,
And when they could no more they dy'd.

There (striking contrast!) might we place
A servile, mean, degen'rate, race,
Hirelings, who valued nought but gold,
By the best bidder bought and sold;
Truants from honour's sacred laws,
Betrayer's of their country's cause;
The dupes of party, tools of pow'r,
Slaves to the minion of an hour;
Lackies who watch'd a fav'rites nod,
And took a puppet for their god.
Sincere and honest in our rhymes,
How might we praise these happier times!
How might the Muse exalt her lays,
And wanton in a monarch's praise!
Tell of a prince in England born,
Whose virtues England's crown adorn,
In youth a pattern unto age,
So chaste, so pious, and so sage,
Who true to all those sacred bands
Which private happiness demands,
Yet never lets them rise above
The stronger ties of public love.
With conscious pride see England stand,
Our holy Charter in her hand;
She waves it round, and o'er the isle
See Liberty and Courage smile!
No more she mourns her treasures hurl'd
In subsidies to all the world;

No more by foreign threats dismay'd,
No more deceiv'd with foreign aid,
She deals out sums to petty states,
Whom Honour scorns and Reason hates,
But wiser by experience grown
Finds safety in herself alone.
  Whilst thus, she cries, "My children stand,
An honest, valiant, native band,
A train'd militia, brave and free,
True to their king, and true to me,
No foreign hirelings shall be known,
Nor need we hirelings of our own;
Under a just and pious reign
The statesman's sophistry is vain;
Vain is each vile corrupt pretence,
These are my natural defence!
Their faith I know, and they shall prove
The bulwark of the king they love."
  These, and a thousand things beside,
Did we consult a poet's pride,
Some gay, some serious, might be said,
But ten to one they'd not be read;
Or were they by some curious few,
Not even those would think them true;
For from the time that Jubal first
Sweet ditties to the harp rehears'd,
Poets have always been suspected
Of having truth in rhyme neglected,

That bard except who, from his youth
Equally fam'd for faith and truth,
By prudence taught in courtly chime
To courtly ears brought truth in rhyme.
But tho' to poets we allow,
No matter when acquired or how,
From truth unbounded deviation;
Which custom calls Imagination,
Yet cann't they be suppos'd to lie
One half so fast as Fame can fly;
Therefore (to solve this Gordian knot,
A point we almost had forgot)
To courteous readers be it known,
That, fond of verse and falsehood grown,
Whilst we in sweet digression sung,
Fame check'd her flight, and held her tongue,
And now pursues, with double force
And double speed, her destin'd course,
Nor stops till she the place arrives
Where Genius starves and Dulness thrives;
Where riches virtue are esteem'd,
And craft is truest wisdom deem'd;
Where Commerce proudly rears her throne
In state to other lands unknown;
Where to be cheated and to cheat
Strangers from ev'ry quarter meet;
Where Christians, Jews, and Turks, shake hands,
United in commercial bands;

All of one faith, and that to own
No god but interest alone!
  When gods and goddesses come down
To look about them here in Town,
(For change of air is understood
By sons of Physic to be good,
In due proportions, now and then,
For these same gods as well as men)
By custom rul'd, and not a poet
So very dull but he must know it,
In order to remain *incog.*
They always travel in a fog;
For if we majesty expose
To vulgar eyes, too cheap it grows;
The force is lost, and, free from awe,
We spy and censure every flaw;
But well preserv'd from public view
It always breaks forth fresh and new;
Fierce as the sun in all his pride
It shines, and not a spot's descry'd.
  Was Jove to lay his thunder by,
And with his brethren of the sky
Descend to earth, and frisk about,
Like chatt'ring N***, from rout to rout,
He would be found by all his host,
A nine days wonder at the most.
Would we in trim our honours wear,
We must preserve them from the air:

What is familiar men neglect,
However worthy of respect.
Did they not find a certain friend
In novelty to recommend,
(Such we, by sad experience, find
The wretched folly of mankind)
Venus might unattractive shine,
And H*** fix no eyes but mine.
  But Fame who never cared a jot
Whether she was admir'd or not,
And never blush'd to shew her face
At any time in any place,
In her own shape, without disguise,
And visible to mortal eyes,
On 'Change, exact at seven o'clock,
Alighted on the weathercock,
Which, planted there time out of mind,
To note the changes of the wind,
Might no improper emblem be
Of her own mutability.
  Thrice did she sound her trump (the same
Which from the first belong'd to Fame,
An old ill-favour'd instrument,
With which the goddess was content,
Tho' under a politer race
Bagpipes might well supply its place)
And thrice awaken'd by the sound
A gen'ral din prevail'd around;

Confusion thro' the City past,
And Fear bestrode the dreadful blast.
  Those fragrant currents which we meet
Distilling soft thro' ev'ry street,
Affrighted from the usual course,
Ran murm'ring upwards to their source;
Statues wept tears of blood, as fast
As when a Cæsar breath'd his last;
Horses, which always us'd to go
A foot-pace in my Lord Mayor's show,
Impetuous from their stable broke,
And aldermen and oxen spoke.
  Halls felt the force, tow'rs shook around,
And steeples nodded to the ground;
St. Paul himself (strange sight!) was seen
To bow as humbly as the Dean:
The Mansionhouse, for ever plac'd
A monument of City taste,
Trembled, and seem'd aloud to groan
Thro' all that hideous weight of stone.
  To still the sound, or stop her ears,
Remove the cause or sense of fears,
Physic, in college seated high,
Would any thing but med'cine try.
No more in Pewt'rer's Hall was heard
The proper force of ev'ry word;
Those seats were desolate become,
A hapless Elocution dumb.

Form, City-born, and City-bred,
By strict decorum ever led,
Who threescore years had known the grace
Of one dull, stiff, unvary'd pace;
Terror, prevailing over Pride,
Was seen to take a larger stride;
Worn to the bone, and cloth'd in rags,
See Av'rice closer hug his bags;
With her own weight unwieldy grown,
See Credit totter on her throne.
Virtue alone, had she been there,
The mighty sound unmov'd could hear.
Up from the gorgeous bed where Fate
Dooms annual fools to sleep in state,
To sleep so sound that not one gleam
Of fancy can provoke a dream,
Great Dulman started at the sound,
Gap'd, rubb'd his eyes, and star'd around.
Much did he wish to know, much fear,
Whence sounds so horrid struck his ear,
So much unlike those peaceful notes,
That equal harmony, which flotes
On the dull wing of City air,
Grave prelude to a feast or fair:
Much did he inly ruminate
Concerning the decrees of Fate,
Revolving, tho' to little end,
What this same trumpet might portend.

Could the French—No—that could not be
Under Bute's active ministry,
Too watchful to be so deceiv'd,
Have stolen hither unperceiv'd?
To Newfoundland, indeed, we know
Fleets of war unobserv'd may go,
Or if observ'd, may be suppos'd,
At intervals when reason doz'd,
No other point in view to bear
But pleasure, health, and change of air;
But reason ne'er could sleep so sound
To let an enemy be found
In our land's heart, ere it was known
They had departed from their own.
Or could his successor, (Ambition
Is ever haunted with suspicion)
His daring successor elect,
All customs, rules, and forms, reject,
And aim, regardless of the crime,
To seize the chair before his time?
Or (deeming this the lucky hour,
Seeing his countrymen in pow'r,
Those countrymen who, from the first,
In tumults and rebellion nurs'd,
Howe'er they wear the mask of art,
Still love a Stewart in their heart)
Could Scottish Charles—
Conjecture thus?
That mental *ignis fatuus*

Led his poor brain a weary dance
From France to England, hence to France,
Till Information (in the shape
Of chaplain learned, good Sir Crape,
A lazy, lounging, pamper'd priest,
Well known at ev'ry City feast,
For he was seen much oft'ner there
Than in the house of God at pray'r;
Who always ready in his place,
Ne'er let God's creatures wait for grace,
Tho', as the best historians write,
Less fam'd for faith than appetite;
His disposition to reveal,
The grace was short, and long the meal;
Who always would excess admit,
If haunch or turtle came with it,
And ne'er engag'd in the defence
Of self-denying Abstinence,
When he could fortunately meet
With any thing he lik'd to eat;
Who knew that wine, on Scripture plan,
Was made to cheer the heart of man;
Knew too, by long experience taught,
That cheerfulness was kill'd by thought;
And from those premises collected,
(Which few perhaps would have suspected)
That none who, with due share of sense,
Observ'd the ways of Providence,

Could with safe conscience leave off drinking
Till they had lost the pow'r of thinking;
With eyes half clos'd, came waddling in,
And, having strok'd his double chin,
(That chin, whose credit to maintain
Against the scoffs of the profane
Had cost him more than ever state
Paid for a poor electorate,
Which, after all the cost and rout
It had been better much without)
Briefly (for breakfast, you must know,
Was waiting all the while below)
Related, bowing to the ground,
The cause of that uncommon sound;
Related, too, that at the door
Pomposo, Plausible, and M—e,
Begg'd that Fame might not be allow'd
Their shame to publish to the crowd;
That some new laws he would provide,
(If old could not be misapply'd
With as much ease and safety there
As they are misapply'd elsewhere)
By which it might be constru'd treason
In man to exercise his reason,
Which might ingeniously devise
One punishment for truth and lies,
And fairly prove, when they had done,
That truth and falsehood were but one;

Which juries must indeed retain,
But their effect should render vain,
Making all real pow'r to rest
In one corrupted rotten breast,
By whose false gloss the very Bible
Might be interpreted a libel.
  M**** (who, his reverence to save,
Pleaded the fool to screen the knave,
Tho' all who witness'd on his part
Swore for his head against his heart)
Had taken down, from first to last,
A just account of all that past;
But since the gracious will of Fate,
Who mark'd the child for wealth and state
Ev'n in the cradle, had decreed
That mighty Dulman ne'er should read,
That office of disgrace to bear
The smooth-lipp'd Plausible was there;
From H***** ev'n to Clerkenwell,
Who knows not smooth-lipp'd Plausible?
A preacher deem'd of greatest note
For preaching that which others wrote.
  Had Dulman now (and fools, we see,
Seldom want curiosity)
Consented (but the morning shade
Of Gascoyne hastened to his aid,
And in his hand, what could he more?
Triumphant Canning's picture bore)

That our three heroes should advance
And read their comical romance,
How rich a feast, what royal fare,
We for our readers might prepare!
So rich, and yet so safe a feast,
That no one foreign blatant beast,
Within the purlieus of the law,
Should dare thereon to lay his paw,
And, growling, cry, with surly tone,
Keep off—this feast is all my own.
Bending to earth the downcast eye,
Or planting it against the sky,
As one immers'd in deepest thought,
Or with some holy vision caught,
His hands, to aid the traitor's art,
Devoutly folded o'er his heart,
Here M****, in fraud, well skill'd, should go
All saint, with solemn step, and slow.
O that Religion's sacred name,
Meant to inspire the purest flame,
A prostitute should ever be
To that arch-fiend Hypocrisy,
Where we find ev'ry other vice
Crown'd with damn'd sneaking cowardice!
Bold sin reclaim'd is often seen;
Past hope that man who dares be mean.
There, full of flesh, and full of grace,
With that fine round unmeaning face

Which Nature gives to sons of earth
Whom she designs for ease and mirth,
Should the prim Plausible be seen,
Observe his stiff affected mien;
'Gainst Nature, arm'd by gravity,
His features too in buckle fee;
See with what sanctity he reads,
With what devotion tells his beads!
Now, Prophet! show me, by thine art,
What 's the religion of his heart;
Show there, if truth thou canst unfold,
Religion center'd all in gold;
Show him, nor fear correction's rod,
As false to friendship as to God.
  Horrid, unwieldy, without form,
Savage as ocean in a storm,
Of size prodigious, in the rear,
That post of honour, should appear
Pomposo. Fame around should tell
How he a slave to int'rest fell;
How, for integrity renown'd,
Which booksellers have often found,
He for subscribers baits his hook,
And takes their cash—but where's the book?
No matter where—Wise Fear, we know,
Forbids the robbing of a foe;
But what, to serve our private ends,
Forbids the cheating of our friends?

No man alive who would not swear
All's safe, and therefore honest, there;
For, spite of all the learned say,
If we to truth attention pay
The word Dishonesty is meant
For nothing else but punishment.
Fame, too, should tell, nor head the threat
Of rogues who brother rogues abet,
Nor tremble at the terrors hung
Aloft to make her hold her tongue;
How to all principles untrue,
Not fix'd to old friends nor to new,
He damns the pension which he takes,
And loves the Stewart he forsakes.
Nature (who, justly regular,
Is very seldom known to err,
But now and then in sportive mood,
As some rude wits have understood,
Or thro' much work requir'd in haste,
Is with a random stroke disgrac'd)
Pomposo form'd on doubtful plan,
Not quite a beast nor quite a man;
Like—God knows what—for never yet
Could the most subtle human wit
Find out a monster which might be
The shadow of a simile.
These three, these great, these mighty three!
Nor can the poet's truth agree,

Howe'er report hath done him wrong,
And warp'd the purpose of his song,
Amongst the refuse of their race,
The sons of Infamy, to place
That open, gen'rous, manly, mind
Which we with joy in Aldrich find;
These three, who now are faintly shown,
Just sketch'd, and scarcely to be known,
If Dulman their request had heard,
In stronger colours had appear'd,
And friends, tho' partial, at first view,
Shudd'ring, had own'd the picture true.
But had their journal been display'd,
And the whole process open laid,
What a vast unexhausted field
For mirth must such a journal yield!
In her own anger strongly charm'd,
'Gainst hope, 'gainst fear, by conscience arm'd,
Then had bold Satire made her way,
Knights, lords, and dukes, her destin'd prey.
But Prudence, ever sacred name
To those who feel not virtue's flame,
Or only feel it, at the best,
As the dull dupe of interest,
Whisper'd aloud (for this we find
A custom current with mankind,
So loud to whisper, that each word
May all around be plainly heard,

And Prudence sure would never miss
A custom so contriv'd as this
Her candour to secure, yet aim
Sure death against another's fame)
Knights, lords, and dukes—Mad wretch! forbear,
Dangers unthought of ambush there;
Confine thy rage to weaker slaves,
Laugh at small fools, and lash small knaves,
But never helpless, mean, and poor,
Rush on where laws cannot secure,
Nor think thyself, mistaken youth!
Secure in principles of truth:
Truth! why, shall ev'ry wretch of letters
Dare to speak truth against his betters?
Let ragged Virtue stand aloof,
Nor mutter accents of reproof;
Let ragged Wit a mute become,
When Wealth and Pow'r would have her dumb;
For who the devil doth not know
That titles and estates bestow
An ample stock, where'er they fall,
Of graces which we mental call?
Beggars, in ev'ry age and nation,
Are rogues, and fools by situation;
The rich and great are understood
To be of course both wise and good;
Consult then int'rest more than pride,
Discreetly take the stronger side;

Desert, in time, the simple few
Who virtue's barren path pursue;
Adopt my maxims—follow me—
To Baal bow the prudent knee;
Deny thy God, betray thy friend,
At Baal's altar hourly bend,
So shalt thou rich and great be seen;
To be great now you must be mean.
   Hence, Tempter! to some weaker soul,
Which fear and interest control;
Vainly thy precepts are addrest
Where virtue steels the steady breast;
Thro' meanness wade to boasted pow'r,
Thro' guilt repeated ev'ry hour,
What is thy gain when all is done,
What mighty laurels hast thou won?
Dull crowds, to whom the heart's unknown,
Praise thee for virtues not thy own;
But will, at once man's scourge and friend,
Impartial Couscience too commend?
From her reproaches canst thou fly?
Canst thou with worlds her silence buy?
Believe it not—her stings shall find
A passage to thy coward mind:
There shall she fix her sharpest dart,
There shew thee truly as thou art,
Unknown to those by whom thou 'rt priz'd,
Known to thyself to be despis'd.

The man who weds the sacred Muse,
Disdains all mercenary views,
And he who Virtue's throne would rear
Laughs at the phantoms rais'd by fear.
Tho' Folly, rob'd in purple, shines,
Tho' Vice exhausts Peruvian mines,
Yet shall they tremble and turn pale
When Satire wields her mighty flail;
Or should they, of rebuke afraid,
With Melcombe seek hell's deepest shade,
Satire, still mindful of her aim,
Shall bring the cowards back to shame.
Hated by many, lov'd by few,
Above each little private view,
Honest, tho' poor, (and who shall dare
To disappoint my boasting there?)
Hardy and resolute, tho' weak,
The dictates of my heart to speak,
Willing I bend at Satire's throne;
What pow'r I have be all her own.
Nor shall yon' lawyer's specious art,
Conscious of a corrupted heart,
Create imaginary fear
To damp us in our bold career.
Why should we fear? and what? the laws?
They are all arm'd in virtue's cause,
And aiming at the self-same end
Satire is always virtue's friend.

Nor shall that Muse whose honest rage,
In a corrupt degen'rate age,
(When, dead to ev'ry nicer sense,
Deep sunk in vice and indolence,
The spirit of old Rome was broke
Beneath the tyrant fiddler's yoke)
Banish'd the rose from Nero's cheek,
Under a Brunswick fear to speak.
Drawn by conceit from reason's plan,
How vain is that poor creature, Man!
How pleas'd is ev'ry paltry elf
To prate about that thing himself!
After my promise made in rhyme,
And meant in earnest, at that time,
To jog, according to the mode,
In one dull place, in one dull road,
What but that curse of heart and head
To this digression could have led?
Where plung'd, in vain I look about
And cann't stay in nor well get out.
Could I, whilst humour held the quill,
Could I digress with half that skill;
Could I with half that skill return,
Which we so much admire in Sterne,
Where each digression, seeming vain,
And only fit to entertain,
Is found, on better recollection,
To have a just and nice connexion,

To help the whole with wondrous art,
Whence it seems idly to depart;
Then should our readers ne'er accuse
These wild excursions of the Muse,
Ne'er backward turn dull pages o'er
To recollect what went before!
Deeply impress'd, and ever new,
Each image past should start to view,
And we to Dulman now come in
As if we ne'er had absent been.
Have you not seen, when danger's near,
The coward cheek turn white with fear?
Have you not seen, when danger's fled,
The self-same cheek with joy turn red?
These are low symptoms, which we find
Fit only for a vulgar mind,
Where honest features; void of art,
Betray the feelings of the heart.
Our Dulman with a face was bless'd,
Where no one passion was express'd;
His eye in a fine stupor caught,
Imply'd a plent'ous lack of thought;
Nor was one line that whole face seen in
Which could be justly charg'd with meaning.
To Avarice by birth ally'd,
Debauch'd by marriage into pride,
In age grown fond of youthful sports,
Of pomps, of vanities, and courts,

And by success too mighty made
To love his country or his trade;
Stiff in opinion, (no rare case
With blockheads in, or out, of place)
Too weak and insolent of soul
To suffer reason's just control,
But bending of his own accord
To that trim, transient toy, my Lord;
The dupe of Scots, (a fatal race,
Whom God in wrath contriv'd to place
To scourge our crimes and gall our pride,
A constant thorn in England's side,
Whom first, our greatness to oppose,
He in his vengeance mark'd for foes,
Then, more to serve his wrathful ends,
And more to curse us, mark'd for friends)
Deep in the state, if we give credit
To him, for no one else e'er said it,
Sworn friend of great ones not a few,
Tho' he their titles only knew,
And those (which envious of his breeding
Bookworms have charg'd to want of reading)
Merely to shew himself polite
He never would pronounce aright;
An orator, with whom a host
Of those which Rome and Athens boast,
In all their pride, might not contend;
Who with no powers to recommend,

Whilst Jacky Home and Billy Whitehead,
And Dicky Glover, sat delighted,
Could speak whole days in Nature's spite,
Just as those able versemen write;
Great Dulman from his bed arose—
Thrice did he spit—thrice wip'd his nose—
Thrice strove to smile—thrice strove to frown—
And thrice look'd up—and thrice look'd down—
Then silence broke—"Crape, who am I?"
Crape bow'd, and smil'd an arch reply.
"Am I not, Crape—I am, you know,
Above all those who are below.
Have I not knowledge? and for wit,
Money will always purchase it;
Nor, if it needful should be found,
Will I grudge ten or twenty pound,
For which the whole stock may be bought,
Of scoundrel wits not worth a groat.
But lest I should proceed too far,
I'll feel my friend the Minister,
(Great men, Crape, must not be neglected)
How he in this point is affected;
For as I stand a magistrate,
To serve him first and next the state,
Perhaps he may not think it fit
To let his magistrates have wit.
Boast I not, at this very hour,
Those large effects which troop with pow'r?

Am I not mighty in the land?
Do not I sit whilst others stand?
Am I not with rich garments grac'd,
In seat of honour always plac'd?
And do not Cits of chief degree,
Tho' proud to others, bend to me?
Have I not, as Justice ought,
The laws such wholesome rigor taught,
That Fornication, in disgrace,
Is now afraid to show her face
And not one whore these walls approaches
Unless they ride in our own coaches?
And shall this Fame, an old poor strumpet,
Without our licence sound her trumpet,
And, envious of our City's quiet,
In broad daylight blow up a riot?
If insolence like this we bear
Where is our state? our office where?
Farewell all honours of our reign,
Farewell the neck-ennobling chain,
Freedom's known badge o'er all the globe,
Farewell the solemn-spreading robe,
Farewell the sword, farewell the mace,
Farewell all title, pomp, and place;
Remov'd from men of high degree,
(A loss to them, Crape, not to me)
Banish'd to Chippenham or to Frome,
Dulman once more shall ply the loom."

Crape, lifting up his hands and eyes,
"Dulman—the loom—at Chippenham"—cries;
"If there be pow'rs which greatness love,
Which rule below, but dwell above,
Those pow'rs united all shall join
To contradict the rash design.
Sooner shall stubborn Will lay down
His opposition with his gown;
Sooner shall Temple leave the road
Which leads to Virtue's mean abode;
Sooner shall Scots this country quit,
And England's foes be friends to Pitt,
Than Dulman, from his grandeur thrown,
Shall wander outcast and unknown.
Sure as that cane, (a cane there stood
Near to a table made of wood,
Of dry fine wood a table made,
By some rare artist in the trade,
Who had enjoy'd immortal praise
If he had liv'd in Homer's days)
Sure as that cane, which once was seen
In pride of life all fresh and green,
The banks of Indus to adorn,
Then of its leafy honours shorn,
According to exactest rule,
Was fashion'd by the workman's tool,
And which at present we behold
Curiously polish'd, crown'd with gold,

With gold well wrought; sure as that cane
Shall never on its native plain
Strike root afresh, shall never more
Flourish in tawny India's shore,
So sure shall Dulman and his race,
To latest times this station grace."
  Dulman, who all this while had kept
His eyelids clos'd as if he slept,
Now looking stedfastly on Crape,
As at some god in human shape—
"Crape, I protest you seem to me
To have discharg'd a prophecy:
Yes—from the first it doth appear,
Planted by Fate, the Dulmans here
Have always held a quiet reign,
And here shall to the last remain.
  Crape, they're all wrong about this Ghost—
Quite on the wrong side of the post—
Blockheads! to take it in their head
To be a message from the dead,
For that by mission they design,
A word not half so good as mine,
Crape—here it is—start not one doubt—
A plot—a plot—I've found it out."
"O God!" cries Crape,—"How bless'd the nation
Where one son boasts such penetration!"
  Crape, I've not time to tell you now
When I discover'd this, or how;

To Stentor go—if he 's not there
His place let Bully Norton bear—
Our citizens to council call—
Let all meet—'t is the cause of all:
Let the three witnesses attend,
With allegations to befriend,
To swear just so much, and no more,
As we instruct them in before.
Stay—Crape—come back—What, don't you see
Th' effects of this discovery?
Dulman all care and toil endures—
The profit, Crape, will all be your's.
A mitre, (for this arduous task
Perform'd, they 'll grant whate'er I ask)
A mitre (and perhaps the best)
Shall, thro' my int'rest, make thee blest:
And at this time, when gracious Fate
Dooms to the Scot the reigns of state,
Who is more fit (and for your use
We could some instances produce)
Of England's church to be the head
Than you, a Presbyterian bred?
But when thus mighty you are made,
Unlike the brethren of thy trade,
Be grateful, Crape, and let me not,
Like old Newcastle, be forgot.
But an affair, Crape, of this size
Will ask from conduct vast supplies;

It must not, as the vulgar say,
Be done in hugger-mugger way:
Traitors, indeed, (and that's discreet)
Who hatch the plot in private meet:
They should in public go, no doubt,
Whose bus'ness is to find it out.
To-morrow—if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a grand processionade—
Be all the City-pomp display'd;
Let the Trainbands"—Crape shook his head—
They heard the trumpet, and were fled—
"Well"—cries the knight—"if that's the case
My servants shall supply their place—
My servants—mine alone—no more
Than what my servants did before—
Dost not remember, Crape, that day
When, Dulman's grandeur to display,
As, all too simple and too low,
Our City-friends were thrust below,
Whilst, as more worthy of our love,
Courtiers were entertain'd above?
Tell me, who waited then? and how?
My servants—mine—and why not now?
In haste then, Crape, to Stentor go—
But send up Hart, who waits below;
With him, till you return again,
Reach me my spectacles and cane)

I'll make a proof how I advance in
My new accomplishment of dancing."
  Not quite so fast as lightning flies,
Wing'd with red anger, thro' the skies;
Not quite so fast as sent by Jove,
Iris descends on wings of love;
Not quite so fast as Terror rides,
When he the chafing winds bestrides,
Crape hobbled—but his mind was good—
Cou'd he go faster than he cou'd?
  Near to that tow'r which, as we 're told,
The mighty Julius rais'd of old;
Where to the block, by Justice led,
The rebel Scot hath often bled;
Where arms are kept so clean, so bright,
'Twere sin they should be soil'd in fight;
Where brutes of foreign race are shown
By brutes much greater of our own;
Fast by the crowded Thames, is found
An ample square of sacred ground,
Where artless Eloquence presides,
And Nature ev'ry sentence guides.
  Here female parliaments debate
About religion, trade, and state;
Here ev'ry Naiad's patriot soul,
Disdaining foreign base control,
Despising French, despising Erse,
Pours forth the plain old English curse,

And bears aloft, with terrors hung,
The honours of the vulgar tongue.
Here Stentor, always heard with awe,
In thund'ring accents deals out law:
Twelve furlongs off each dreadful word
Was plainly, and distinctly heard,
And ev'ry neighbour hill around
Return'd and swell'd the mighty sound.
The loudest virgin of the stream
Compar'd with him would silent seem;
Thames, (who, enrag'd to find his course
Oppos'd, rolls down with double force,
Against the bridge indignant roars,
And lashes the resounding shores)
Compar'd with him, at lowest tide,
In softest whispers seems to glide.
Hither, directed by the noise,
Swell'd with the hope of future joys,
Thro' too much zeal and haste made lame,
The rev'rend slave of Dulman came.
"Stentor"—with such a serious air,
With such a face of solemn care,
As might import him to contain
A nation's welfare in his brain—
"Stentor"—cries Crape—"I'm hither sent
On bus'ness of most high intent,
Great Dulman's orders to convey;
Dulman commands, and I obey."

Big with those throes which patriots feel,
And lab'ring for the commonweal,
Some secret, which forbids him rest,
Tumbles and tosses in his breast,
Tumbles and tosses to get free,
And thus the chief commands by me:
  To-morrow, if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a grand processionade—
Be all the City-pomp display'd—
Our citizens to council call—
Let all meet—'t is the cause of all."

THE GHOST.

BOOK IV.

Coxcombs, who vainly make pretence
To something of exalted sense
'Bove other men, and, gravely wise,
Affect those pleasures to despise
Which, merely to the eye confin'd,
Bring no improvement to the mind;
Rail at all pomp; they would not go
For millions to a puppet-show,
Nor can forgive the mighty crime
Of countenancing pantomime;
No, not at Covent-Garden, where,
Without a head for play or play'r,
Or, could a head be found most fit,
Without one play'r to second it.
They must, obeying Folly's call,
Thrive by mere show, or not at all.
With these grave fops, who, (bless their brains!)
Most cruel to themselves, take pains
For wretchedness, and would be thought
Much wiser than a wise man ought,
For his own happiness, to be,
Who what they hear and what they see,

And what they smell, and taste, and feel,
Distrust till Reason sets her seal,
And, by long trains of consequences
Ensur'd, gives sanction to the senses;
Who would not, Heav'n forbid it! waste
One hour in what the world calls Taste,
Nor fondly deign to laugh or cry,
Unless they know some reason why;
With these grave fops, whose system seems
To give up certainty for dreams,
The eye of man is understood
As for no other purpose good,
Than as a door, thro' which of course
Their passage crowding objects force,
A downright usher, to admit
New-comers to the court of Wit:
(Good Gravity! forbear thy spleen,
When I say wit I wisdom mean)
Where (such the practice of the court,
Which legal precedents support)
Not one idea is allow'd
To pass unquestion'd in the crowd,
But, ere it can obtain the grace
Of holding in the brain a place
Before the chief in congregation
Must stand a strict examination.
 Not such as those who physick twirl,
Full fraught with death from ev'ry curl,

Who prove, with all becoming state,
Their voice to be the voice of Fate,
Prepar'd with essence, drop, and pill,
To be another Ward or Hill,
Before they can obtain their ends,
To sign death-warrants for their friends,
And talents vast as theirs employ,
Secundum artem to destroy,
Must pass (or laws their age restrain)
Before the chiefs of Warwick Lane:
Thrice happy Lane! where uncontroll'd,
In pow'r and lethargy grown old,
Most fit to take, in this bless'd land,
The reigns which fell from Wyndham's hand,
Her lawful throne great Dulness rears,
Still more herself as more in years;
Where she, (and who shall dare deny
Her right, when Reeves and Chauncy's by)
Calling to mind, in ancient time,
One Garth, who err'd in wit and rhyme,
Ordains from henceforth, to admit
None of the rebel sons of Wit,
And makes it her peculiar care,
That Schomberg never shall be there.
Not such as those whom Folly trains
To letters, tho' unbless'd with brains,
Who, destitute of pow'r and will
To learn, are kept to learning still;

Whose heads, when other methods fail,
Receive instruction from the tail,
Because their sires, a common case,
Which brings the children to disgrace,
Imagine it a certain rule,
They never could beget a fool,
Must pass, or must compound for, ere
The chaplain, full of beef and pray'r,
Will give his reverend permit,
Announcing them for orders fit;
So that the prelate (what's a name?
All prelates now are much the same)
May with a conscience safe and quiet,
With holy hands lay on that fiat
Which doth all faculties dispense,
All sanctity, all faith, all sense,
Makes Madan quite a saint appear,
And makes an oracle of Cheere.
Not such as in that solemn seat,
Where the Nine Ladies hold retreat,
The Ladies Nine, who, as we're told,
Scorning those haunts they lov'd of old,
The banks of Isis now prefer,
Nor will one hour from Oxford stir,
Are held for form, which Balaam's ass
As well as Balaam's self might pass,
And with his master take degrees,
Could he contrive to pay the fees.

Men of sound parts, who, deeply read,
O'erload the storehouse of the head
With furniture they ne'er can use
Cannot forgive our rambling Muse
This wild excursion; cannot see
Why Physic and Divinity,
To the surprize of all beholders,
Are lugg'd in by the head and shoulders;
Or how, in any point of view,
Oxford hath any thing to do;
But men of nice and subtle learning,
Remarkable for quick discerning,
Thro' spectacles of critic mould,
Without instruction, will behold
That we a method here have got
To show what is by what is not;
And that our drift (parenthesis
For once apart) is briefly this.

Within the brain's most secret cells,
A certain Lord Chief Justice dwells,
Of sov'reign pow'r, whom, one and all,
With common voice, we Reason call,
Tho', for the purposes of satire
A name in truth is no great matter;
Jeff'ries or Mansfield, which you will,
It means a Lord Chief Justice still,
Here, so our great projectors say,
The senses all must homage pay;

Hither they all must tribute bring,
And prostrate fall before the king.
Whatever unto them is brought
Is carry'd on the wings of thought
Before his throne, where, in full state,
He on their merits holds debate,
Examines, cross-examines, weighs,
Their right to censure or to praise;
Nor doth his equal voice depend
On narrow views of foe and friend,
Nor can or flattery or force
Divert him from his steady course;
The channel of inquiry's clear,
No sham-examination's here.
He, upright Justicer! no doubt,
Ad libitum puts in and out,
Adjusts and settles in a trice
What virtue is, and what is vice,
What is perfection, what defect,
What we must choose, and what reject;
He takes upon him to explain
What pleasure is, and what is pain,
Whilst we, obedient to the whim,
And resting all our faith on him,
True members of the Stoic weal,
Must learn to think and cease to feel.
This glorious system form'd, for man
To practice when and how he can,

If the five senses in alliance,
To Reason hurl a proud defiance,
And, tho' oft' conquer'd yet unbroke,
Endeavour to throw off that yoke,
Which they a greater slav'ry hold
Than jewish bondage was of old;
Or if they, something touch'd with shame,
Allow him to retain the name
Of Royalty, and, as in sport,
To hold a mimic formal court,
Permitted, no uncommon thing,
To be a kind of puppet king,
And suffer'd by the way of toy
To hold a globe, but not employ,
Our system-mongers, struck with fear,
Prognosticate destruction near;
All things to anarchy must run;
The little world of man's undone.
Nay, should the eye, that nicest sense,
Neglect to send intelligence
Unto the brain, distinct and clear,
Of all that passes in her sphere;
Should she presumpt'ous joy receive
Without the understanding's leave,
They deem it rank and daring treason
Against the monarchy of Reason,
Not thinking, tho' they 're wondrous wise,
That few have reason, most have eyes;

So that the pleasures of the mind
To a small circle are confin'd,
Whilst those which to the senses fall
Become the property of all.
Besides, (and this is sure a case
Not much at present out of place)
Where Nature reason doth deny
No art can that defect supply;
But if (for it is our intent
Fairly to state the argument)
A man should want an eye or two,
The remedy is sure tho' new;
The cure's at hand—no need of fear—
For proof—behold the Chevalier—
As well prepar'd, beyond all doubt,
To put eyes in, as put them out.
But, argument apart which tends
T' embitter foes and sep'rate friends,
(Nor, turn'd apostate for the Nine,
Would I, tho' bred up a divine,
And foe of course to Reason's weal
Widen that breach I cannot heal)
By his own sense and feelings taught,
In speech as lib'ral as in thought,
Let ev'ry man enjoy his whim;
What's he to me or I to him?
Might I, tho' never rob'd in ermine,
A matter of this weight determine,

No penalties should settled be
To force men to hypocrisy,
To make them ape an aukward zeal,
And feeling, not pretend to feel.
I would not have, might sentence rest
Finally fix'd within my breast,
Ev'n Annet censur'd and confin'd,
Because we're of a diff'rent mind.
  Nature, who in her act most free,
Herself delights in liberty,
Profuse in love, and without bound
Pours joy on ev'ry creature round,
Whom yet, was ev'ry bounty shed
In double portions on our head,
We could not truly bounteous call
If freedom did not crown them all.
  By Providence forbid to stray,
Brutes never can mistake their way,
Determin'd still, they plod along
By instinct, neither right nor wrong;
But man, had he the heart to use
His freedom, hath a right to chuse;
Whether he acts or well or ill,
Depends entirely on his will.
To her last work, her fav'rite man
Is giv'n, on Nature's better plan,
A privilege in pow'r to err;
Nor let this phrase resentment stir

Amongst the grave ones, since, indeed,
The little merit man can plead
In doing well, dependeth still
Upon his pow'r of doing ill.
Opinions should be free as air;
No man, whate'er his rank, whate'er
His qualities, a claim can found,
That my opinion must be bound,
And square with his; such slavish chains
From foes the lib'ral soul disdains,
Nor can, tho' true to friendship, bend
To wear them ev'n from a friend.
Let those who rigid judgment own
Submissive bow at Judgment's throne,
And if they of no value hold
Pleasure till pleasure is grown cold,
Pall'd, and insipid, forc'd to wait
For Judgment's regular debate
To give it warrant, let them find
Dull subjects suited to their mind.
Theirs be slow wisdom; be my plan
To live as merry as I can,
Regardless, as the fashions go
Whether there's reason for 't or no:
Be my employment here on earth
To give a lib'ral scope to mirth,
Life's barren vale with flow'rs t' adorn,
And pluck a rose from ev'ry thorn,

But if, by error led astray,
I chance to wander from my way,
Let no blind guide observe, in spite,
I'm wrong, who cannot set me right.
That doctor could I ne'er endure
Who found disease and not a cure;
Nor can I hold that man a friend
Whose zeal a helping hand shall lend
To open happy Folly's eyes,
And making wretched, make me wise:
For next, a truth which cann't admit
Reproof from Wisdom or from Wit,
To being happy here below,
Is to believe that we are so.
Some few in knowledge find relief;
I place my comfort in belief.
Some for reality may call;
Fancy to me is all in all.
Imagination, thro' the trick
Of doctors, often makes us sick;
And why, let any sophist tell;
May it not likewise make us well?
This, am I sure, whate'er our view,
Whatever shadows we pursue,
For our pursuits, be what they will,
Are little more than shadows still,
Too swift they fly, too swift and strong,
For man to catch or hold them long,

But joys which in the fancy live,
Each moment to each man may give:
True to himself, and true to ease,
He softens Fate's severe decrees,
And (can a mortal wish for more?)
Creates and makes himself new o'er,
Mocks boasted vain reality,
And is whate'er he wants to be.
Hail, Fancy!—to thy pow'r I owe
Deliv'rance from the gripe of Wo;
To thee I owe a mighty debt,
Which Gratitude shall ne'er forget
Whilst Mem'ry can her force employ,
A large increase of ev'ry joy.
When at my doors, too strongly barr'd,
Authority had plac'd a guard,
A knavish guard, ordain'd by law
To keep poor Honesty in awe:
Authority, severe and stern
To intercept my wish'd return;
When foes grew proud, and friends grew cool,
And laughter seiz'd each sober fool;
When Candour started in amaze,
And meaning censure hinted praise;
When Prudence, lifting up her eyes
And hands, thank'd Heav'n that she was wise;
When all around me with an air
Of hopeless sorrow look'd despair;

When they or said or seem'd to say
There is but one, one only way
Better, and be advis'd by us
Not be at all than to be thus;
When Virtue shunn'd the shock, and Pride
Disabl'd lay by Virtue's side,
Too weak my ruffled soul to cheer,
Which could not hope yet would not fear,
Health in her motion, the wild grace
Of pleasure speaking in her face,
Dull regularity thrown by,
And comfort beaming from her eye,
Fancy, in richest robes array'd,
Came smiling forth, and brought me aid,
Came smiling o'er that dreadful time,
And, more to bless me, came in rhyme.
  Nor is her pow'r to me confin'd;
It spreads it comprehends mankind.
  When (to the spirit-stirring sound
Of trumpets breathing courage round,
And fifes well mingled to restrain
And bring that courage down again,
Or to the melancholy knell
Of the dull, deep, and doleful, bell,
Such as of late the good Saint Bride
Muffled, to mortify the pride
Of those who, England quite forgot,
Paid their vile homage to the Scot,

Where Asgill held the foremost place
Whilst my Lord figur'd at a race)
Processions ('tis not worth debate
Whether they are of stage or state)
Move on so very, very slow,
'Tis doubtful if they move or no;
When the performers all the while
Mechanically frown or smile,
Or with a dull and stupid stare
A vacancy of sense declare,
Or with down-bending eye seem wrought
Into a labyrinth of thought,
Where Reason wanders still in doubt,
And once got in cannot get out,
What cause sufficient can we find
To satisfy a thinking mind,
Why, dup'd by such vain farces, man
Descends to act on such a plan?
Why they who hold themselves divine
Can in such wretched follies join,
Strutting like peacocks or like crows,
Themselves and Nature to expose?
What cause, but that (you'll understand
We have our remedy at hand,
That if perchance we start a doubt
Ere it is fix'd we wipe it out,
As surgeons when they lop a limb,
Whether for profit, fame, or whim,

Or mere experiment to try,
Must always have a styptic by)
Fancy steps in, and stamps that real
Which *ipso facto* is ideal.
Can none remember? yes, I know
All must remember that rare show,
When to the country Sense went down,
And fools came flocking up to Town;
When knights (a work which all admit
To be for knighthood much unfit)
Built booths for hire; when parsons play'd,
In robes canonical array'd,
And fiddling join the Smithfield dance,
The price of tickets to advance,
Or, unto tapsters turn'd, dealt out,
Running from booth to booth about,
To ev'ry scoundrel by retail
True pennyworths of beef and ale,
Then first prepar'd, by bringing beer in,
For present grand electioneering;
When heralds, running all about
To bring in order, turn'd it out;
When, by the prudent Marshall's care,
Lest the rude populace should stare,
And with unhallow'd eyes profane
Gay puppets of Patrician strain,
The whole procession, as in spite,
Unhear'd, unseen, stole off by night;

When our lov'd monarch, nothing loath,
Solemnly took that sacred oath
Whence mutual firm agreements spring
Betwixt the subject and the king,
By which, in usual manner crown'd,
His head, his heart, his hands, he bound,
Against himself, should passion stir
The least propensity to err,
Against all slaves who might prepare
Or open force or hidden snare,
That Glorious Charter to maintain,
By which we serve and he must reign;
Then Fancy with unbounded sway
Revell'd sole mistress of the day,
And wrought such wonders as might make
Egyptian sorcerers forsake
Their baffled mockeries, and own
The palm of magic her's alone.
  A knight, (who in the silken lap
Of lazy Peace had liv'd on pap,
Who never yet had dar'd to roam
'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,
Nor ev'n that unless a guide
Was plac'd to amble by his side,
And troops of slaves were spread around
To keep his Honour safe and sound,
Who could not suffer for his life
A point to sword or edge to knife,

And always fainted at the sight,
Of blood, tho' 't was not shed in fight,
Who disinherited one son
For firing off an alder gun;
And whipt another six years old,
Because the boy presumpt'ous, bold
To madness, likely to become
A very Swiss, had beat a drum,
Tho' it appear'd an instrument
Most peaceable and innocent,
Having from first been in the hands
And service of the City Bands)
Grac'd with those ensigns which were meant
To further Honour's dread intent,
The minds of warriors to inflame,
And spur them on to deeds of fame,
With little sword, large spurs, high feather,
Fearful of ev'ry thing but weather,
(And all must own, who pay regard
To charity, it had been hard
That in his very first campaign
His honours should be soil'd with rain)
A hero all at once became,
And (seeing others much the same
In point of valour as himself,
Who leave their courage on a shelf
From year to year, till some such rout
In proper season calls it out)

Strutted, look'd big, and swagger'd more
Than ever hero did before;
Look'd up, look'd down, look'd all around,
Like Mavors, grimly smil'd and frown'd;
Seem'd heav'n, and earth, and hell, to call
To fight, that he might rout them all,
And personated Valour's style
So long, spectators to beguile,
That passing strange, and wondrous true,
Himself at last believ'd it too,
Nor for a time could he discern
Till truth and darkness took their turn:
So well did Fancy play her part,
That coward still was at the heart.
Whiffle, (who knows not Whiffle's name,
By the impartial voice of Fame
Recorded first thro' all this land
In Vanity's illustrious band?)
Who, by all bounteous Nature meant
For offices of hardiment,
A modern Herculea at least,
To rid the world of each wild beast,
Of each wild beast which came in view,
Whether on four legs or on two,
Degenerate, deilghts to prove
His force on the parade of Love,
Disclaims the joys which camps afford,
And for the distaff quits the sword;

Who fond of women would appear
To public eye and public ear,
But when in private lets them know
How little they can trust to show;
Who sports a woman as of course,
Just as a jockey shews a horse,
And then returns her to the stable,
Or, vainly plants her at his table,
Where he would rather Venus find,
(So pall'd and so deprav'd his mind)
Than, by some great occasion led,
To seize her panting in her bed,
Burning with more than mortal fires,
And melting in her own desires;
Who ripe in years is yet a child,
Thro' fashion not thro' feeling wild,
Whate'er in others, who proceed
As Sense and Nature have decreed,
From real passion, flows in him
Is mere effect of mode and whim;
Who laughs, a very common way,
Because he nothing has to say,
As your choice spirits oaths dispense
To fill up vacancies of sense;
Who, having some small sense defies 't;
Or, using, always misapplies it;
Who now and then brings something forth
Which seems indeed of Sterling worth!

Something, by sudden start and fit,
Which at a distance looks like wit,
But on examination near
To his conclusion will appear,
By truth's fair glass, to be at best
A threadbare jester's threadbare jest;
Who frisks and dances thro' the street,
Sings without voice, rides without seat,
Plays o'er his tricks, like Æsop's ass,
A *gratis* fool to all who pass;
Who riots, tho' he loves not waste,
Whores without lust, drinks without taste,
Acts without sense, talks without thought,
Does ev'ry thing but what he ought;
Who, led by forms, without the pow'r
Of vice is vicious: who one hour
Proud without pride, the next will be
Humble without humility;
Whose vanity we all discern,
The spring on which his actions turn;
Whose aim in erring is to err,
So that he may be singular,
And all his utmost wishes mean
Is, tho' he's laugh'd at, to be seen;
Such (for when Flattery's soothing strain
Had robb'd the Muse of her disdain,
And found a method to persuade
Her heart to soften ev'ry shade,

Justice, enrag'd, the pencil snatch'd
From her degen'rate hand, and scratch'd
Out ev'ry trace, then, quick as thought,
From life this striking likeness caught)
In mind, in manners, and in mien,
Such Whiffle came, and such was seen
In the world's eye; but, (strange to tell!)
Misled by Fancy's magic spell,
Deceiv'd, not dreaming of deceit,
Cheated, but happy in the cheat,
Was more than human in his own,
O bow! bow all to Fancy's throne,
Whose pow'r could make so vile an elf
With patience bear that thing himself.
But, mistress of each art to please,
Creative Fancy! what are these,
These pageants of a trifler's pen,
To what thy pow'r effected then?
Familiar with the human mind,
As swift and subtle as the wind,
Which we all feel, yet no one knows
Or whence it comes or where it goes.
Fancy at once in ev'ry part
Possess'd the eye, the head, the heart,
And, in a thousand forms array'd,
A thousand various gambols play'd.
Here, in a face which well might ask
The privilege to wear a mask

In spite of law, and justice teach
For public good t' excuse the breach,
Within the sorrow of a wrinkle,
'Twixt eyes which could not shine but twinkle,
Like centinels i' th' starry way,
Who wait for the return of day,
Almost burnt out, and seem to keep
Their watch like soldiers in their sleep,
Or like those lamps which, by the pow'r
Of law, must burn from hour to hour,
(Else they, without redemption, fall
Under the terrors of that Hall
Which, once notorious for a hop,
Is now become a justice shop)
Which, are so manag'd, to go out
Just when the time comes round about,
Which yet, thro' emulation, strive
To keep their dying light alive,
And (not uncommon, as we find
Amongst the children of mankind)
As they grow weaker would seem stronger,
And burn a little, little longer:
Fancy, betwixt such eyes enshrin'd,
No brush to daub, no mill to grind,
Thrice wav'd her wand around, whose force
Chang'd in an instant Nature's course,
And, hardly credible in rhyme,
Not only stopp'd but call'd back time,

The face of ev'ry wrinkle clear'd,
Smooth as the floating stream appear'd,
Down the neck ringlets spread their flame,
The neck admiring whence they came;
On the arch'd brow the Graces play'd,
On the full bosom Cupid laid;
Suns, from their proper orbits sent,
Became for eyes a supplement;
Teeth, white as ever teeth were seen,
Deliver'd from the hand of Green,
Started, in regular array,
Like trainbands on a grand field-day,
Into the gums, which would have fled,
But, wond'ring, turn'd from white to red.
Quite alter'd was the whole machine,
And Lady————— was fifteen.
Here she made lordly temples rise
Before the pious Dashwood's eyes,
Temples which, built aloft in air,
May serve for show, if not for pray'r;
In solemn form herself, before,
Array'd like Faith, the Bible bore:
There, over Melcombe's feather'd head,
Who, quite a man of gingerbread,
Savour'd in talk, in dress, and phiz,
More of another world than this,
To a dwarf Muse a giant page,
The last grave fop of the last age,

In a superb and feather'd hearse,
Bescutcheon'd and betagg'd with verse,
Which to beholders from afar
Appear'd like a triumphal car,
She rode, in a cast rainbow clad;
There, throwing off the hallow'd plaid,
Naked, as when (in those drear cells
Where self-bless'd, self-curs'd, Madness dwells)
Pleasure, on whom, in Laughter's shape,
Frenzy had perfected a rape,
First brought her forth, before her time,
Wild witness of her shame and crime,
Driving before an idol band
Of driv'lling Stewarts hand in hand;
Some who, to curse mankind, had wore
A crown they ne'er must think of more,
Others whose baby brows were grac'd
With paper crowns and toys of paste:
She jigg'd, and, playing on the flute,
Spread raptures o'er the soul of Bute.
  Big with vast hopes, some mighty plan,
Which wrought the busy soul of man
To her full bent, the Civil Law,
Fit code to keep a world in awe,
Bound o'er his brows, fair to behold,
As Jewish frontlets were of old,
The famous Charter of our land
Defac'd, and mangled in his hand;

As one whom deepest thoughts employ,
But deepest thoughts of truest joy,
Serious and slow he strode, he stalk'd,
Before him troops of heroes walk'd,
Whom best he lov'd, of heroes crown'd,
By Tories guarded all around,
Dull solemn pleasure in his face
He saw the honours of his race,
He saw their lineal glories rise,
And touch'd, or seeem'd to touch the skies:
Not the most distant mark of fear,
No sign of axe or scaffold near,
Not one curs'd thought to cross his will
Of such a place as Tower Hill.
Curse on this Muse, a flippant jade,
A shrew, like ev'ry other maid
Who turns the corner of nineteen,
Devour'd with peevishness and spleen:
Her tongue, (for as, when bound for life,
The husband suffers for the wife,
So if in any works of rhyme
Perchance there blunders out a crime,
Poor culprit bards must always rue it,
Altho' 't is plain the Muses do it)
Sooner or later, cannot fail
To send me headlong to a jail.
Whate'er my theme, (our themes we choose
In modern days without a Muse,

Just as a father will provide
To join a bridegroom and a bride,
As if, tho' they must be the play'rs,
The game was wholly his, not theirs)
Whate'er my theme, the Muse, who still
Owns no direction but her will,
Flies off, and, ere I could expect,
By ways oblique and indirect,
At once quite over head and ears
In fatal politics appears.
Time was, and, if I ought discern
Of Fate that time shall soon return,
When decent and demure at least,
As grave and dull as any priest,
I could see Vice in robes array'd,
Could see the game of Folly play'd
Successfully in Fortune's school,
Without exclaiming rogue or fool:
Time was, when nothing loath or proud,
I lacky'd with the fawning crowd,
Scoundrels in office, and would bow
To cyphers great in place; but now
Upright I stand, as if wise Fate,
To compliment a shatter'd state,
Had me, like Atlas, hither sent
To shoulder up the firmament,
And if I stoop'd, with gen'ral crack
The heav'ns would tumble from my back:

Time was, when rank and situation
Secur'd the great ones of the nation
From all control; satire and law
Kept only little knaves in awe;
But now, decorum lost, I stand
Bemus'd, a pencil in my hand,
And, dead to ev'ry sense of shame,
Careless of safety and of fame,
The names of scoundrels minute down,
And libel more than half the Town.
  How can a statesman be secure
In all his villanies, if poor
And dirty authors thus shall dare
To lay his rotten bosom bare?
Muses should pass away their time
In dressing out the poet's rhyme
With bills and ribbands, and array
Each line in harmless taste, tho' gay.
When the hot burning fit is on
They should regale their restless son
With something to allay his rage,
Some cool Castalian beverage,
Or some such draught, (tho' they, 't is plain,
Taking the Muse's name in vain,
Know nothing of their real court,
And only fable from report)
As makes a Whitehead's ode go down
Or slakest he Feverette of Brown:

But who would in his senses think
Of Muses giving gall to drink,
Of that their folly should afford
To raving poets gun or sword?
Poets were ne'er design'd by Fate
To meddle with affairs of state,
Nor should (if we may speak our thought
Truly as men of honour ought)
Sound policy their age admit
To lanch the thunderbolts of wit
About those heads which, when they're shot,
Cann't tell if 't was by Wit or not.
These things well known, what devil, in spite,
Can have seduc'd me thus to write
Out of that road, which must have led
To riches without heart or head,
Into that road which, had I more
Than ever poet had before
Of wit and virtue, in disgrace
Would keep me still, and out of place,
Which, if some judge (you'll understand
One famous, famous thro' the land
For making law) should stand my friend,
At last may in a pill'ry end;
And all this, I myself admit,
Without one cause to lead to it?—
For instance now—this book—The Ghost—
Methinks I hear some critic post

Remark most gravely—" The first word
Which we about The Ghost have heard."
Peace, my good Sir!—not quite so fast—
What is the first may be the last,
Which is a point, all must agree,
Cannot depend on you and me.
Fanny, no Ghost of common mould,
Is not by forms to be controll'd;
To keep her state, and show her skill,
She never comes but when she will.
I wrote, and wrote, (perhaps you doubt,
And shrewdly, what I wrote about;
Believe me much to my disgrace,
I too am in the self-same case)
But still I wrote till Fanny came
Impatient, nor could any shame
On me, with equal justice, fall
If she had never come at all.
An underling, I could not stir
Without the cue thrown out by her,
Nor from the subject aid receive
Until she came and gave me leave.
So that, (ye sons of Erudition!
Mark, this is but a supposition,
Nor would I to so wise a nation
Suggest it as a revelation)
If henceforth, dully turning o'er
Page after page, ye read no more

Of Fanny, who, in sea or air,
May be departed God knows where,
Rail at jilt Fortune; but agree
No censure can be laid on me,
For sure (the cause let Mansfield try)
Fanny is in the fault, not I.
But to return—and this I hold
A secret worth its weight in gold
To those who write, as I write now,
Not to mind where they go, or how,
Thro' ditch, thro' bog, o'er hedge and stile,
Make it but worth the reader's while,
And keep a passage fair and plain
Always to bring him back again.
Thro' dirt who scruples to approach,
At Pleasure's call, to take a coach?
But we should think the man a clown
Who in the dirt should set us down.
But, to return—if Wit, who ne'er
The shackles of restraint could bear,
In wayward humour should refuse
Her timely succour to the Muse,
And, to no rules and orders ty'd,
Roughly deny to be her guide,
She must renounce Decorum's plan,
And get back when and how she can;
As parsons, who, without pretext,
As soon as mention'd, quit their text,

And, to promote sleep's genial pow'r,
Grope in the dark for half an hour,
Give no more reason (for we know
Reason is vulgar, mean, and low)
Why they come back (should it befall)
That ever they come back at all)
Into the road, to end the rout,
Than they can give why they went out.
 But, to return—This book—The Ghost—
A mere amusement at the most,
A trifle, fit to wear away
The horrors of a rainy day.
A slight shot silk, for summer wear,
Just as our modern statesmen are,
If rigid honesty permit
That I for once purloin the wit
Of him who, were we all to steal,
Is much too rich the theft to feel:
Yet in this Book, where Ease should join
With Mirth to sugar ev'ry line;
Where it should all be mere chit-chat,
Lively, good-humour'd, and all that;
Where honest Satire, in disgrace,
Should not so much as show her face,
The shrew, o'erleaping all due bounds,
Breaks into Laughter's sacred grounds,
And, in contempt, plays o'er her tricks
In science, trade, and politics.

But why should the distempered scold
Attempt to blacken men enroll'd
In Pow'r's dread book, whose mighty skill
Can twist an empire to their will,
Whose voice is Fate, and on their tongue
Law, liberty, and life, are hung,
Whom, on inquiry, Truth shall find
With Stewarts link'd time out of mind,
Superior to their country's laws,
Defenders of a tyrant's cause,
Men who the same damn'd maxims hold,
Darkly, which they avow'd of old,
Who, tho' by diff'rent means, pursue
The end which they had first in view,
And, force found vain, now play their part
With much less honour, much more art?
Why, at the corners of the streets,
To ev'ry patriot drudge she meets,
Known or unknown, with furious cry
Should she wild clamours vent? or why,
The minds of groundlings to inflame,
A Dashwood, Bute, and Wyndham, name?
Why, having not to our surprise,
The fear of death before her eyes,
Bearing, and that but now and then,
No other weapon but her pen,
Should she an argument afford
For blood to men who wear a sword?

Men who can nicely trim and pare
A point of honour to a hair;
(Honour—a word of nice import,
A pretty trinket in a court,
Which my Lord, quite in rapture, feels,
Dangling and rattling with his seals—
Honour—a word which all the Nine
Would be much puzzled to define—
Honour—a word which torture mocks,
And might confound a thousand Lockes—
Which (for I leave to wiser heads,
Who fields of death prefer to beds
Of down, to find out, if they can,
What Honour is on their wild plan)
Is not, to take it in their way,
And this we sure may dare to say
Without incurring an offence,
Courage, law, honesty, or sense)
Men who, all spirit, life, and soul,
Neat butchers of a buttonhole,
Having more skill, believe it true
That they must have more courage too;
Men who, without a place or name,
Their fortunes speechless as their fame,
Would by the sword new fortunes carve,
And rather die in fight than starve
At coronations, a vast field,
Which food of ev'ry kind might yield;

Of good sound food, at once most fit
For purposes of health and wit?
Could not ambitious Satire rest,
Content with what she might digest?
Could she not feast on things of course,
A champion, or a champion's horse?
A champion's horse—no better say,
Tho' better figur'd on that day—
A horse, which might appear to us
Who deal in rhyme a Pegasus;
A rider who, when once got on,
Might pass for a Bellerophon,
Dropt on a sudden from the skies,
To catch and fix our wond'ring eyes,
To witch, with wand instead of whip,
The world with noble horsemanship,
To twist and twine both horse and man
On such a well-concerted plan,
That Centaur-like, when all was done,
We scarce could think they were not one?
Could she not to our itching ears
Bring the new names of new-coin'd peers,
Who walk'd, nobility forgot,
With shoulders fitter for a knot
Than robes of honour, for whose sake
Heralds, in form, were forc'd to make,
To make, because they could not find
Great predecessors to their mind?

Could she not (tho' 't is doubtful since
Whether he plumber is or prince)
Tell of a simple knights advance
To be a doughty peer of France?
Tell how he did a dukedom gain,
And Robinson was Aquitain?
Tell how her City chiefs, disgrac'd
Were at an empty table plac'd?
A gross neglect! which, whilst they live,
They cann't forget, and wont forgive;
A gross neglect of all those rights
Which march with City appetites,
Of all those canons which we find
By Gluttony time out of mind
Establish'd, which they ever hold
Dearer than any thing but gold?
  Thanks to my stars—I now see shore—
Of courtiers and of courts no more—
Thus stumbling on my City friends,
Blind Chance, my guide, my purpose bends
In line direct, and shall pursue
The point which I had first in view,
Nor more shall with the reader sport
Till I have seen him safe in port.
Hush'd be each fear—no more I bear
Thro' the wide regions of the air
The reader terrify'd, no more
Wild ocean's horrid paths explore.

Be the plain track from henceforth mine—
Cross-roads to Allen I resign;
Allen! the honour of this nation,
Allen! himself a corporation;
Allen! of late notorious grown
For writings none, or all his own;
Allen! the first of letter'd men
Since the good Bishop holds his pen,
And at his elbow takes his stand
To mend his head and guide his hand.
But hold—once more, Digression! hence—
Let us return to common sense;
The car of Phœbus I discharge,
My carriage now a Lord May'r's barge.
  Suppose we now—(we may suppose
In verse what would be sin in prose—)
The sky with darkness overspread,
And ev'ry star retir'd to bed;
The gewgaw robes of Pomp and Pride
In some dark corner thrown aside;
Great lords and ladies giving way
To what they seem to scorn by day,
The real feelings of the heart,
And Nature taking place of Art;
Desire triumphant thro' the night,
And Beauty panting with delight;
Chastity, woman's fairest crown,
Till the return of morn laid down,

Then to be worn again as bright
As if not sully'd in the night;
Dull Ceremony, bus'ness o'er,
Dreaming in form at Cottrell's door;
Precaution trudging all about
To see the candles safely out,
Bearing a mighty master-key,
Habited like Economy,
Stamping each lock with triple seals,
Mean Av'rice creeping at her heels.
  Suppose we, too, like sheep in pen,
The May'r and Court of Aldermen
Within their barge, which thro' the deep,
The rowers more than half asleep,
Mov'd slow, as overcharg'd with state;
Thames groan'd beneath the mighty weight,
And felt that bauble heavier far
Than a whole fleet of men of war,
Sleep o'er each well-known faithful head
With lib'ral hand his poppies shed,
Each head by Dulness render'd fit,
Sleep and his empire to admit.
Thro' the whole passage not a word,
Not one faint, weak, half-sound was heard:
Sleep had prevail'd to overwhelm
The steersman nodding o'er the helm;
The rowers, without force or skill,
Left the dull barge to drive at will;

The sluggish oars suspended hung,
And even Beardmore held his tongue.
Commerce, regardful of a freight
On which depended half her state,
Stepp'd to the helm with ready hand
She safely clear'd that bank of sand
Where, stranded, our west-country fleet
Delay and danger often meet,
Till Neptune, anxious for the trade,
Comes in full tides, and brings them aid.
Next (for the Muses can survey
Objects by night as well as day;
Nothing prevents their taking aim,
Darkness and light to them the same)
They pass'd that building which of old
Queen-mothers was design'd to hold,
At present a mere lodging-pen,
A palace turn'd into a den,
To barracks turn'd, and soldiers tread
Where dowagers have laid their head.
Why should we mention Surrey-street,
Where ev'ry week grave judges meet,
All fitted out with hum and ha,
In proper form to drawl out law,
To see all causes duly try'd,
'Twixt knaves who drive and fools who ride?
Why at the Temple should we stay?
What of the Temple dare we say?

A dang'rous ground we tread on there,
And words perhaps may actions bear;
Where, as the brethren of the seas
For fares, the lawyers ply for fees.
What of that Bridge, most wisely made
To serve the purposes of trade,
In the great mart of all this nation,
By stopping up the navigation,
And to that sandbank adding weight
Which is already much too great ?—
What of that Bridge, which, void of sense,
But well supply'd with impudence.
Englishmen, knowing not the Guild,
Thought they might have a claim to build,
Till Paterson, as white as milk,
As smooth as oil, as soft as silk,
In solemn manner had decreed,
That on the other side the Tweed
Art, born and bred, and fully grown,
Was with one Mylne, a man unknown,
But grace, preferment, and renown,
Deserving, just arriv'd in Town :
One Mylne ! an artist perfect quite,
Both in his own and country's right,
As fit to make a bridge as he,
With glorious Pativinity,
To build inscriptions, worthy found
To lie for ever under ground.

Much more, worth observation too,
Was this a season to pursue
The theme, our Muse might tell in rhyme:
The will she hath, but not the time;
For, swift as shaft from Indian bow,
(And when a goddess comes, we know,
Surpassing Nature acts prevail;
And boats want neither oar nor sail)
The vessel pass'd, and reach'd the shore,
So quick, that thought was scarce before.
Suppose we now our City court
Safely deliver'd at the port,
And of their state regardless quite,
Landed, like smuggled goods, by night.
The solemn magistrate laid down,
The dignity of robe and gown,
With ev'ry other ensign gone,
Suppose the woollen night-cap on;
The flesh-brush us'd, with decent state,
To make the spirits circulate,
(A form, which to the senses true,
The liq'rish chaplain uses too,
Tho', something to improve the plan,
He takes the maid instead of man)
Swath'd, and with flannel cover'd o'er,
To show the vigor of threescore,
The vigor of threescore and ten
Above the proof of younger men,

Suppose, the mighty Dulman led,
Betwixt two slaves, and put to bed?
Suppose, the moment he lies down,
No miracle in this great Town,
The drone as fast asleep as he
Must in the course of Nature be,
Who, truth for our foundation take,
When up is never half awake.
  There let him sleep, whilst we survey
The preparations for the day,
That day on which was to be shown
Court pride by City pride outdone.
  The jealous mother sends away,
As only fit for childish play,
That daughter who, to gall her pride,
Shoots up too forward by her side.
  The wretch, of God and man accurst,
Of all hell's instruments the worst,
Draws forth his pawns, and for the day
Struts in some spendthrift's vain array;
Around his awkward doxy shine
The treasures of Golconda's mine;
Each neighbour, with a jealous glare,
Beholds her folly publish'd there.
  Garments well sav'd (an anecdote
Which we can prove or would not quote)
Garments well sav'd, which first were made
When tailors, to promote their trade,

Against the Picts in arms arose,
And drove them out, or made them clothes;
Garments immortal, without end,
Like names and titles, which descend
Successively from sire to son;
Garments, unless some work is done
Of note, not suffer'd to appear
'Bove once at most in ev'ry year,
Were now in solemn form laid bare
To take the benefit of air,
And, ere they came to be employ'd
On this solemnity, to avoid
That scent which Russia's leather gave,
From vile and impious moth to save.
Each head was busy, and each heart
In preparation bore a part;
Running together all about
The servants put each other out,
Till the grave master had decreed,
The more haste ever the worse speed.
Miss with her little eyes half-clos'd,
Over a smuggled toilet doz'd:
The waiting-maid, whom story notes
A very Scrub in petticoats,
Hir'd for one work, but doing all,
In slumbers lean'd against the wall;
Milliners, summon'd from afar,
Arriv'd in shoals at Temple-Bar,

Strictly commanded to import
Cart loads of foppery from court;
With labour'd visible design
Art strove to be superbly fine,
Nature, more pleasing, tho' more wild,
Taught otherwise her darling child,
And cry'd, with spirited disdain,
Be H———— elegant and plain.
  Lo! from the chambers of the east
A welcome prelude to the feast,
In saffron-colour'd robe array'd,
High in a car by Vulcan made,
Who work'd for Jove himself, each steed
High-mettled, of celestial breed,
Pawing and pacing all the way,
Aurora brought the wish'd-for day,
And held her empire, till outrun
By that brave jolly groom the Sun.
  The trumpet—hark!—it speaks—it swells
The loud full harmony, it tells
The time at hand when Dulman, led
By form, his citizens must head
And march those troops which, at his call,
Were now assembled to Guildhall,
On matters of importance great
To court and city, church and state.
  From end to end the sound makes way,
All hear the signal, and obey;

But Dulman, who, his charge forgot,
By Morpheus fetter'd heard it not;
Nor could, so sound he slept and fast,
Hear any trumpet but the last.
  Crape, ever true and trusty known,
Stole from the maid's bed to his own,
Then in the spirituals of pride
Planted himself at Dulman's side.
Thrice did the ever-faithful slave,
With voice which might have reach'd the grave,
And broke death's adamantine chain,
On Dulman call, but call in vain.
Thrice with an arm which might have made
The Theban boxer curse his trade,
The drone he shook, who rear'd the head,
And thrice fell backward on his bed.
What could be done? Where force hath fail'd
Policy often hath prevail'd,
And what, an inference most plain,
Had been, Crape thought might be again.
  Under his pillow (still in mind
The proverb kept, Fast bind fast find)
Each blessed night the keys were laid,
Which Crape to draw away assay'd.
What not the pow'r of voice or arm
Could do this did, and broke the charm;
Quick started he with stupid stare,
For all his little soul was there.

Behold him taken up, rubb'd down,
In elbow-chair and morning-gown;
Behold him, in his latter bloom,
Stripp'd, wash'd, and sprinkled with perfume;
Behold him bending with the weight
Of robes, and trumpery of state;
Behold him (for the maxim's true,
Whate'er we by another do
We do ourselves, and, chaplain paid,
Like slaves in ev'ry other trade,
Had mutter'd over God knows what,
Something which he by heart had got)
Having as usual said his pray'rs,
Go titter-totter to the stairs;
Behold him for descent prepare,
With one foot trembling in the air;
He starts, he pauses on the brink,
And, hard to credit, seems to think;
Thro' his whole train (the chaplain gave
The proper cue to ev'ry slave)
At once, as with infection caught,
Each started, paus'd, and aim'd at thought;
He turns, and they turn; big with care,
He waddles to his elbow-chair,
Squats down, and silent for a season,
At last with Crape begins to reason;
But first of all he made a sign
That ev'ry soul but the divine

Should quit the room; in him, he knows,
He may all confidence repose.
"Crape—tho' I'm yet not quite awake—
Before this awful step I take,
On which my future all depends,
I ought to know my foes and friends.
My foes and friends—observe me still—
I mean not those who well or ill
Perhaps they wish me, but those who
Hav 't in their power to do it too.
Now if, attentive to the state,
In too much hurry to be great,
Or thro' much zeal, a motive, Crape,
Deserving praise, into a scrape
I, like a fool, am got, no doubt
I like a wise man should get out:
Note that remark without replies;
I say that to get out is wise,
Or by the very self-same rule
That to get in was like a fool.
The marrow of this argument
Must wholly rest on the event,
And therefore, which is really hard,
Against events too I must guard.
Should things continue as they stand,
And Bute prevail thro' all the land
Without a rival, by his aid
My fortunes in a trice are made;

Nay, honours on my zeal may smile,
And stamp me Earl of some great isle:
But if, a matter of much doubt,
The present minister goes out,
Fain would I know on what pretext
I can stand fairly with the next?
For as my aim, at ev'ry hour,
Is to be well with those in pow'r,
And my material point of view,
Whoever's in, to be in too,
I should not, like a blockhead, choose
To gain these so as those to lose:
'Tis good in ev'ry case you know,
To have two strings unto our bow."
  As one in wonder lost, Crape view'd
His lord, who thus his speech pursu'd.
  "This, my good Crape! is my grand point;
And as the times are out of joint,
The greater caution is requir'd
To bring about the point desir'd.
What I would wish to bring about
Cannot admit a moment's doubt;
The matter in dispute, you know,
Is what we call the *Quomodo*.
That be thy task"—The rev'rend slave
Becoming in a moment grave,
Fix'd to the ground and rooted, stood
Just like a man cut out of wood,

Such as we see (without the least
Reflection glancing on the priest)
One or more, planted up and down,
Almost in ev'ry church in town;
He stood some minutes, then, like one
Who wish'd the matter might be done,
But could not do it, shook his head,
And thus the man of Sorrow said:
"Hard is this task, too hard, I swear,
By much too hard, for me to bear;
Beyond expression hard my part,
Could mighty Dulman see my heart,
When he alas! makes known a will
Which Crape's not able to fulfil.
Was ever my obedience barr'd
By any trifling nice regard
To sense and honour? could I reach
Thy meaning without help of speech,
At the first motion of thy eye
Did not thy faithful creature fly?
Have I not said not what I ought,
But what by earthly master taught?
Did I e'er weigh, through duty strong,
In thy great biddings, right and wrong?
Did ever Int'rest, to whom thou
Canst not with more devotion bow,
Warp my sound faith, or will of mine
In contradiction run to thine?

Have I not, at thy table plac'd,
When bus'ness call'd aloud for haste,
Torn myself thence, yet never heard
To utter one complaining word,
And had, till thy great work was done,
All appetites as having none?
Hard is it, this great plan pursu'd
Of voluntary servitude,
Pursu'd without or shame or fear,
Thro' the great circle of the year,
Now to receive, in this grand hour,
Commands which lie beyond my pow'r,
Commands which baffle all my skill,
And leave me nothing but my will:
Be that accepted; let my Lord
Indulgence to his slave afford:
This task, for my poor strength unfit,
Will yield to none but Dulman's wit."
  With such gross incense gratify'd,
And turning up the lip of pride,
"Poor Crape"—and shook his empty head—
"Poor puzzled Crape!" wise Dulman said,
Of judgment weak, of sense confin'd,
For things of lower note design'd,
For things within the vulgar reach,
To run of errands and to preach,
Well hast thou judg'd that heads like mine
Cannot want help from heads like thine;

Well hast thou judg'd thyself unmeet
Of such high argument to treat;
'Twas but to try thee that I spoke,
And all I said was but a joke.
 Nor think a joke, Crape, a disgrace
Or to my person or my place;
The wisest of the sons of men
Have deign'd to use them now and then.
The only caution, do you see,
Demanded by our dignity,
From common use and men exempt,
Is that they may not breed contempt.
Great use they have when in the hands
Of one like me, who understands,
Who understands the time and place,
The persons, manner, and the grace,
Which fools neglect; so that we find,
If all the requisites are join'd,
From whence a perfect joke must spring:
A joke 's a very serious thing.
 But to our bus'ness—My design,
Which gave so rough a shock to thine,
To my capacity is made
As ready as a fraud in trade,
Which like broad cloth I can with ease
Cut out in any shape I please.
 Some, in my circumstance, some few,
Aye, and those men of genius too,

Good men, who without love or hate,
Whether they early rise or late,
With names uncrack'd, and credit sound,
Rise worth a hundred thousand pound,
By threadbare ways and means would try
To bear their point—so will not I.
New methods shall my wisdom find
To suit these matters to my mind,
So that the infidels at court,
Who make our City wits their sport,
Shall hail the honours of my reign,
And own that Dulman bears a brain.
  Some, in my place, to gain their ends,
Would give relations up and friends,
Would lend a wife, who, they might swear
Safely, was none the worse for wear,
Would see a daughter, yet a maid,
Into a statesman's arms betray'd;
Nay, should the girl prove coy, nor know
What daughters to a father owe,
Sooner than schemes so nobly plann'd
Should fail, themselves would lend a hand,
Would vote on one side, whilst a brother,
Properly taught, would vote on t' other;
Would ev'ry petty band forget,
To public eye be with one set,
In private with a second herd,
And be by proxy with a third;

Would (like a queen, of whom I read
The other day—her name is fled)—
In a book (where, together bound,
Whittington and his Cat I found;
A tale most true, and free from art,
Which all Lord May'rs shou'd have by heart)
A queen (O might those days begin
Afresh when queens would learn to spin!)
Who wrought, and wrought, but, for some plot,
The cause of which I've now forgot,
During the absence of the sun
Undid what she by day had done)
Whilst they a double visage wear,
What sworn by day by night unswear.
   Such be their arts, and such perchance
May happily their ends advance:
From a new system mine shall spring,
A *Locum-tenens* is the thing.
That 's your true plan—to obligate
The present ministers of state,
My shadow shall our court approach,
And bear my pow'r, and have my coach;
My fine state-coach! superb to view,
A fine state-coach, and paid for too!
To curry favour, and the grace
Obtain of those who 're out of place;
In the mean time I—that 's to say—
I proper, I myself—here stay.

But hold—perhaps unto the nation,
Who hate the Scot's administration,
To lend my coach may seem to be
Declaring for the ministry;
For where the City-coach is, there
Is the true essence of the May'r:
Therefore (for wise men are intent
Evils at distance to prevent,
Whilst fools the evils first endure,
And then are plagu'd to seek a cure)
No coach—a horse—and free from fear
To make our Deputy appear,
Fast on his back shall he be ty'd,
With two grooms marching by his side;
Then for a horse—thro' all the land,
To head our solemn City-band,
Can any one so fit be found
As he who in Artill'ry-ground,
Without a rider, noble sight!
Led on our bravest troops to fight?
But first, Crape, for my honour's sake,
A tender point, inquiry make
About that horse, if the dispute
Is ended, or is still in suit:
For whilst a cause, (observe this plan
Of justice) whether horse or man.
The parties be, remains in doubt,
Till 't is determin'd out and out,

That pow'r must tyranny appear
Which should, prejudging, interfere,
And weak faint judges overawe
To bias the free course of law.
You have my will—now quickly run,
And take care that my will be done.
In public, Crape, you must appear,
Whilst I in privacy sit here;
Here shall great Dulman sit alone,
Making this elbow-chair my throne,
And you, performing what I bid,
Do all as if I nothing did."
Crape heard, and speeded on his way;
With him to hear was to obey:
Not without trouble, be assur'd,
A proper proxy was procur'd
To serve such infamous intent,
And such a lord to represent;
Nor could one have been found at all
On t' other side of London Wall.
The trumpet sounds—solemn and slow
Behold the grand procession go,
All moving on, cat after kind,
As if for motion ne'er design'd.
Constables, whom the laws admit
To keep the peace by breaking it;
Beadles, who hold the second place
By virtue of a silver mace,

Which ev'ry Saturday is drawn,
For use of Sunday, out of pawn;
Treasurers, who with empty key
Secure an empty treasury;
Churchwardens, who their course pursue,
In the same state as to their pew;
Churchwardens of Saint Marg'ret go,
Since Peirson taught them pride and show,
Who in short transient pomp appear,
Like almanacks chang'd ev'ry year:
Behind whom, with unbroken locks,
Charity carries the poor's box,
Not knowing that with private keys
They ope and shut it when they please:
Overseers who, by frauds, ensure
The heavy curses of the poor,
Unclean came flocking; bulls and bears,
Like beasts into the ark, by pairs.
  Portentous, flaming in the van,
Stalk'd the Professor Sheridan,
A man of wire, a mere pantine,
A downright animal machine:
He knows alone, in proper mode,
How to take vengeance on an ode,
And how to butcher Ammon's son
And poor Jack Dryden both in one:
On all occasions next the chair
He stands for service of the May'r,

And to instruct him how to use
His A's and B's, and P's and Q's:
O'er letters into tatters worn,
O'er syllables defac'd and torn,
O'er words disjointed, and o'er sense,
Left destitute of all defence,
He strides, and all the way he goes
Wades deep in blood o'er Criss-cross-rows:
Before him ev'ry consonant
In agonies is seen to pant;
Behind, in forms not to be known,
The ghosts of tortur'd vowels groan.
Next Hart and Duke, well worthy grace
And City-favour, came in place:
No children can their toils engage,
Their toils are turn'd to rev'rend age;
When a court-dame, to grace his brows
Resolv'd, is wed to City-spouse,
Their aid with Madam's aid must join
The awkward dotard to refine,
And teach, whence truest glory flows,
Grave Sixty to turn out his toes.
Each bore in hand a kitt; and each,
To shew how fit he was to teach
A Cit, an Alderman, a May'r,
Led in a string a dancing bear.
Since the revival of Fingal
Custom, and custom 's all in all,

Commands that we should have regard,
On all high seasons, to the bard.
Great acts like these, by vulgar tongue
Profan'd, should not be said, but sung.
This place to fill, renown'd in fame,
The high and mighty Lockman came,
And, ne'er forgot in Dulman's reign,
With proper order to maintain
The uniformity of pride
Brought brother Whitehead by his side.
  On horse who proudly paw'd the ground,
And cast his fiery eyeballs round,
Snorting and champing the rude bit,
As if for warlike purpose fit,
His high and gen'rous blood disdain'd
To be for sports and pastimes rein'd,
Great Dymock, in his glorious station,
Paraded at the coronation.
Not so our City Dymock came,
Heavy, dispirited, and tame;
No mark of sense, his eyes half clos'd,
He on a mighty dray-horse doz'd:
Fate never could a horse provide
So fit for such a man to ride,
Nor find a man, with strictest care,
So fit for such a horse to bear.
Hung round with instruments of death,
The sight of him would stop the breath

Of braggart Cowardice, and make
The very Court Drawcansir quake;
With dirks which, in the hands of Spite,
Do their damn'd business in the night,
From Scotland sent, but here display'd
Only to fill up the parade;
With swords unflesh'd, of maiden hue,
Which Rage or Valour never drew;
With blunderbusses taught to ride
Like pocket-pistols by his side,
In girdle stuck, he seem'd to be
A little moving armory.
One thing much wanting to complete
The sight, and make a perfect treat,
Was, that the horse, (a courtesy
In horses found of high degree)
Instead of going forward on,
All the way backward should have gone.
Horses, unless they breeding lack,
Some scruple make to turn their back,
Tho' riders, which plain truth declares,
No scruple make of turning theirs.
  Far, far apart from all the rest,
Fit only for a standing jest,
The independent, (can you get
A better suited epithet?)
The independent Amyand came,
All burning with the sacred flame

Of liberty, which well he knows
On the great stock of slav'ry grows.
Like sparrow who, depriv'd of mate,
Snatch'd by the cruel hand of Fate,
From spray to spray no more will hop,
But sits alone on the house-top;
Or like himself, when all alone
At Croydon he was heard to groan,
Lifting both hands in the defence
Of interest and common sense;
Both hands, for, as no other man
Adopted and pursu'd his plan,
The left hand had been lonesome quite
If he had not held up the right:
Apart he came, and fix'd his eyes
With rapture on a distant prize,
On which, in letters worthy note,
There twenty thousand pounds was wrote.
False trap, for credit sapp'd is found
By getting twenty thousand pound:
Nay, look not thus on me, and stare,
Doubting the certainty—to swear
In such a case I should be loth—
But Perry Cust may take his oath.
In plain and decent garb array'd,
With the prim Quaker Fraud came Trade;
Connivance, to improve the plan,
Habited like a juryman,

Judging as interest prevails,
Came next, with measures, weights, and scales;
Extortion next, of hellish race,
A cub most damn'd, to shew his face,
Forbid by fear, but not by shame,
Turn'd to a Jew, like —— came;
Corruption, Midas-like, behold
Turning whate'er she touch'd to gold;
Impotence, led by Lust and Pride,
Strutting with Ponton by her side;
Hypocrisy, demure and sad,
In garments of the priesthood clad,
So well disguis'd that you might swear,
Deceiv'd, a very priest was there;
Bankruptcy, full of ease and health,
And wallowing in well-saved wealth,
Came sneering thro' a ruin'd band,
And bringing B—— in her hand;
Victory, hanging down her head,
Was by a Highland stallion led;
Peace, cloth'd in sables, with a face
Which witness'd sense of huge disgrace,
Which spake a deep and rooted shame
Both of herself and of her name;
Mourning creeps on, and, blushing, feels
War, grim War, treading on her heels;
Pale Credit, shaken by the arts
Of men with bad heads and worse hearts,

Taking no notice of a band
Which near her were ordain'd to stand,
Well nigh destroy'd by sickly fit,
Look'd wistful all around for Pitt:
Freedom—at that most hallow'd name
My spirits mount into a flame,
Each pulse beats high, and each nerve strains
Ev'n to the cracking; thro' my veins
The tides of life more rapid run,
And tell me I am Freedom's son!—
Freedom came next! but scarce was seen,
When the sky, which appear'd serene
And gay before, was overcast:
Horror bestrode a foreign blast,
And from the prison of the north,
To Freedom deadly, storms burst forth.

A car, like those in which, we 're told,
Our wild forefathers warr'd of old,
Loaded with death, six horses bear
Thro' the blank region of the air.
Too fierce for time or art to tame,
They pour'd forth mingled smoke and flame
From their wide nostrils; ev'ry steed
Was of that ancient savage breed
Which fell Geryon nurs'd; their food
The flesh of man, their drink his blood.

On the first horses, ill-match'd pair,
This fat and sleek, that lean and bare,

Came ill-match'd riders side by side,
And Poverty was yok'd with Pride;
Union most strange it must appear,
Till other Unions make it clear.
  Next, in the gall of bitterness,
With rage which words can ill express,
With unforgiving rage, which springs
From a false zeal for holy things,
Wearing such robes as prophets wear,
False prophets plac'd in Peter's chair,
On which, in characters of fire,
Shapes antic, horrible and dire,
Inwoven flam'd, where to the view
In groups appear'd a rabble crew
Of sainted devils; where all round
Vile relics of vile men were found,
Who, worse than devils, from the birth
Perform'd the work of hell on earth,
Jugglers, Inquisitors, and Popes,
Pointing at axes, wheels, and ropes,
And engines, fram'd on horrid plan,
Which none but the destroyer man
Could, to promote his selfish views,
Have heads to make or hearts to use,
Bearing, to consecrate her tricks,
In her left hand a crucifix,
Remembrance of our dying Lord,
And in her right a two-edg'd sword,
Having her brows, in impious sport,
Adorn'd with words of high import,

"On earth peace, amongst men good will,
"Love bearing and forbearing still,"
All wrote in the heart's blood of those
Who rather death than falsehood chose:
On her breast, (where, in days of yore,
When God lov'd Jews, the High Priest wore
Those oracles which were decreed
T' instruct and guide the chosen seed)
Having with glory clad and strength
The Virgin pictur'd at full length,
Whilst at her feet, in small portray'd,
As scarce worth notice, Christ was laid,
Came Superstition, fierce and fell,
An imp detested ev'n in hell;
Her eye inflam'd, her face all o'er
Foully besmear'd with human gore,
O'er heaps of mangled saints she rode;
Fast at her heels Death proudly strode,
And grimly smil'd, well pleas'd to see
Such havoc of mortality:
Close by her side, on mischief bent,
And urging on each bad intent
To its full bearing, savage, wild,
The mother fit of such a child,
Striving the empire to advance
Of Sin and Death, came Ignorance.
With looks where dread command was plac'd,
And sov'reign pow'r by pride disgrac'd,

Where, loudly witnessing a mind
Of savage more than humankind,
Not choosing to be lov'd but fear'd,
Mocking at right, Misrule appear'd,
With eyeballs glaring fiery red,
Enough to strike beholders dead,
Gnashing his teeth, and in a flood
Pouring corruption forth and blood
From his chaf'd jaws : without remorse
Whipping and spurring on his horse,
Whose sides, in their own blood embay'd,
Ev'n to the bone were open laid,
Came Tyranny, disdaining awe,
And trampling over sense and law :
One thing, and only one, he knew,
One object only would pursue ;
Tho' less (so low doth passion bring)
Than man, he would be more than king.
With ev'ry argument and art
Which might corrupt the head and heart,
Soothing the phrensy of his mind,
Companion meet, was Flatt'ry join'd ;
Winning his carriage, ev'ry look
Employ'd, whilst it conceal'd a hook ;
When simple most, most to be fear'd ;
Most crafty when no craft appear'd ;
His tales no man like him could tell :
His words, which melted as they fell,
Might ev'n a hypocrite deceive,
And make an infidel believe,

Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er
Those who had cheated been before.
Such Flatt'ry came, in evil hour,
Pois'ning the royal ear of pow'r,
And, grown by prostitution great,
Would be first minister of state.
Within the chariot all alone,
High seated on a kind of throne,
With pebbles grac'd, a figure came,
Whom Justice would, but dare not, name.
Hard times when Justice, without fear,
Dare not bring forth to public ear
The names of those who dare offend
'Gainst justice, and pervert her end;
But, if the Muse afford me grace,
Description shall supply the place.
In foreign garments he was clad;
Sage ermine o'er the glossy plaid
Cast rev'rend honour; on his heart,
Wrought by the curious hand of Art,
In silver wrought, and brighter far
Than heav'nly or than earthly star,
Shone a White Rose, the emblem dear
Of him he ever must revere,
Of that dread lord who, with his host
Of faithful native rebels lost,
Like those black spirits doom'd to hell,
At once from pow'r and virtue fell:

Around his clouded brows was plac'd
A Bonnet, most superbly grac'd
With mighty Thistles, nor forgot
The sacred motto, "Touch me not."
  In the right hand a sword he bore
Harder than adamant, and more
Fatal than winds, which from the mouth
Of the rough north invade the south;
The reeking blade to view presents
The blood of helpless innocents,
And on the hilt, as meek become
As lambs before the shearers dumb,
With downcast eye, and solemn show
Of deep unutterable wo,
Mourning the time when Freedom reign'd,
Fast to a rock was Justice chain'd.
  In his left hand, in wax imprest,
With bells and gewgaws idly drest,
An image, cast in baby mould,
He held, and seem'd o'erjoy'd to hold:
On this he fix'd his eyes; to this,
Bowing, he gave the loyal kiss,
And, for rebellion fully ripe,
Seem'd to desire the antitype.
What if to that Pretender's foes
His greatness, nay, his life, he owes?
Shall common obligations bind,
And shake his constancy of mind?
Scorning such weak and petty chains,
Faithful to James he still remains,

Tho' he the friend of George appear:
Dissimulation 's virtue here.
Jealous and mean, he with a frown
Would awe, and keep all merit down,
Nor would to truth and justice bend,
Unless outbully'd by his friend:
Brave with the coward, with the brave
He is himself a coward slave:
Aw'd by his fears, he has no heart
To take a great and open part:
Mines in a subtle train he springs,
And, secret, saps the ears of kings;
But not ev'n there continues firm
'Gainst the resistance of a worm:
Born in a country where the will
Of one is law to all, he still
Retain'd th' infection, with full aim
To spread it wheresoe'er he came:
Freedom he hated, law defy'd,
The prostitute of power and pride:
Law he with ease explains away,
And leads bewilder'd Sense astray;
Much to the credit of his brain
Puzzles the cause he cann't maintain,
Proceeds on most familiar grounds,
And where he cann't convince confounds:
Talents of rarest stamp and size,
To Nature false, he misapplies,
And turns to poison what was sent
For purposes of nourishment.

Paleness, not such as on his wings
The messenger of Sickness brings,
But such as takes its coward rise
From conscious baseness, conscious vice,
O'erspread his cheeks: disdain and pride,
To upstart fortunes ever ty'd,
Scowl'd on his brow: within his eye,
Insidious, lurking like a spy
To caution principled by fear,
Not daring open to appear,
Lodg'd cover'd mischief: passion hung
On his lip quiv'ring: on his tongue
Fraud dwelt at large: within his breast
All that makes villain found a nest;
All that on hell's completest plan
E'er join'd to damn the heart of man.
Soon as the car reach'd land he rose,
And with a look which might have froze
The heart's best blood, which was enough,
Had hearts been made of sterner stuff
In cities than elsewhere, to make
The very stoutest quail and quake,
He cast his baleful eyes around:
Fix'd without motion to the ground,
Fear waiting on surprise, all stood,
And horror chill'd their curdled blood;
No more they thought of pomp, no more
(For they had seen his face before)
Of law they thought; the cause forgot,
Whether it was or Ghost or plot,

Which drew them there: they all stood more
Like statues than they were before.
What could be done? Could art, could force,
Or both, direct a proper course
To make this savage monster tame,
Or send him back the way he came?
What neither art nor force, nor both,
Could do, a Lord of foreign growth,
A Lord to that base wretch ally'd
In country, not in vice and pride,
Effected; from the selfsame land
(Bad news for our blaspheming band
Of scribblers, but deserving note)
The poison came and antidote.
Abash'd, the monster hung his head,
And like an empty vision fled;
His train, like virgin snows, which run,
Kiss'd by the burning bawdy sun,
To lovesick streams, dissolv'd in air;
Joy, who from absence seem'd more fair,
Came smiling, freed from slavish awe;
Loyalty, Liberty, and Law,
Impatient of the galling chain,
And yoke of pow'r, resum'd their reign;
And, burning with the glorious flame
Of public virtue, Mansfield came....

THE AUTHOR.

ACCURS'D the man whom Fate ordains, in spite,
And cruel parents teach, to read and write!
What need of letters? wherefore should we spell?
Why write our names? a mark will do as well.
  Much are the precious hours of youth mispent
In climbing Learning's rugged steep ascent;
When to the top the bold advent'rer's got,
He reigns vain monarch o'er a barren spot,
Whilst in the vale of ignorance below
Folly and vice to rank luxuriance grow;
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry side,
And proud Preferment rolls her golden tide.
  O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,
To bear the slavish drudgery of schools,
And tamely stoop to ev'ry pedant's rules;
For sev'n long years debarr'd of lib'ral ease,
To plod in college trammels to degrees;
Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown;
To praise each senior blockhead's threadbare tale,
And laugh till Reason blush, and spirits fail;
Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,
And cap the fool whose merit is his place;
Vice Chancellors, whose knowledge is but small,
And Chancellors who nothing know at all,

Ill-brook'd the gen'rous spirit in those days
When learning was the certain road to praise,
When nobles, with a love of science bless'd,
Approv'd in others what themselves possess'd.
But now, when Dulness rears aloft her throne,
When lordly vassals her wide empire own,
When Wit, seduc'd by Envy, starts aside,
And basely leagues with Ignorance and Pride,
What now should tempt us, by false hopes misled,
Learning's unfashionable paths to tread,
To bear those labours which our fathers bore,
That crown withheld which they in triumph wore?
When with much pains this boasted learning 's got,
'Tis an affront to those who have it not:
In some it causes hate, in others fear,
Instructs our foes to rail, our friends to sneer.
With prudent haste the worldly-minded fool
Forgets the little which he learn'd at school:
The elder brother, to vast fortunes born,
Looks on all science with an eye of scorn;
Dependent brethren the same features wear,
And younger sons are stupid as the heir.
In senates, at the bar, in church and state,
Genius is vile, and learning out of date.
Is this—O death to think! is this the land
Where merit and reward went hand in hand?
Where heroes, parent-like, the poet view'd,
By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd?
Where poets, true to honour, tun'd their lays,
And by their patrons sanctified their praise?

Is this the land where, on our Spenser's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, description hung?
Where Johnson rigid Gravity beguil'd,
Whilst Reason thro' her critic fences smil'd?
Where Nature list'ning stood whilst Shakespear
And wonder'd at the work herself had made? [play'd
Is this the land where, mindful of her charge
And office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large?
Where, finding in our laws a sure defence,
She mock'd at all restraints but those of sense?
Where, Health and Honour trooping by her side,
She spread her sacred empire far and wide;
Pointed the way, Affliction to beguile,
And bade the face of Sorrow wear a smile;
Bade those who dare obey the gen'rous call
Enjoy her blessings, which God meant for all?
Is this the land where, in some tyrant's reign,
When a weak, wicked, ministerial train,
The tools of pow'r, the slaves of int'rest, plann'd
Their country's ruin, and with bribes unmann'd
Those wretches who, ordain'd in Freedom's caus
Gave up our liberties, and sold our laws;
When Pow'r was taught by Meanness where to go,
Nor dar'd to love the virtue of a foe;
When, like a leprous plague, from the foul head
To the foul heart her sores Corruption spread;
Her iron arm when stern Oppression rear'd,
And Virtue, from her broad base shaken, fear'd
The scourge of Vice; when, impotent and vain,
Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slav'ry's chain;

Is this the land where, in those worst of times,
The hardy poet rais'd his honest rhymes
To dread rebuke, and bade Controlment speak
In guilty blushes on the villain's cheek;
Bade Pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
And made them fear the Muse who fear'd not law?
How do I laugh when men of narrow souls,
Whom folly guides and prejudice controls;
Who, one dull drowsy track of bus'ness trod,
Worship their Mammon, and neglect their God;
Who, breathing by one musty set of rules,
Dote from the birth, and are by system fools;
Who, form'd to dulness from their very youth,
Lies of the day prefer to Gospel-truth;
Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
And lay out all their stock of faith in news:
How do I laugh, when creatures, form'd like these,
Whom Reason scorns, and I should blush to please,
Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verse a crime,
And hold not truth as truth if told in rhyme?
How do I laugh when Publius, hoary grown
In zeal for Scotland's welfare and his own,
By slow degrees, and course of office, drawn
In mood and figure at the helm to yawn,
Too mean (the worst of curses Heav'n can send)
To have a foe, too proud to have a friend;
Erring by form, which blockheads sacred hold,
Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,

Rebukes my spirit, bids the daring Muse
Subjects more equal to her weakness choose;
Bids her frequent the haunts of humble swains,
Nor dare to traffic in ambitious strains;
Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
In quaint-wrought ode, or sonnet pertly trim,
Along the church-way path complain with Gray,
Or dance with Mason on the first of May?
"All sacred is the name and pow'r of kings;
"All states and statesmen are those mighty things
"Which, howsoe'er they out of course may roll,
"Were never made for poets to control."
  Peace, peace, thou Dotard! nor thus vilely deem
Of sacred numbers, and their pow'r blaspheme.
I tell thee, Wretch! search all creation round,
In earth, in heav'n, no subject can be found
(Our God alone except) above whose weight
The poet cannot rise, and hold his state.
The blessed saints above, in numbers, speak
The praise of God, tho' there all praise is weak:
In numbers here below the bard shall teach
Virtue to soar beyond the villain's reach;
Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, strain his hoarse throat,
And raise his voice beyond the trumpet's note,
Should an afflicted country, aw'd by men
Of slavish principles, demand his pen.
This is a great, a glorious, point of view,
Fit for an English poet to pursue,
Undaunted to pursue, tho', in return,
His writings by the common hangman burn.

How do I laugh when men, by Fortune plac'd
Above their betters, and by rank disgrac'd,
Who found their pride on titles which they stain,
And, mean themselves, are of their fathers vain;
Who would a Bill of Privilege prefer,
And treat a poet like a creditor,
The gen'rous ardour of the Muse condemn,
And curse the storm they know must break on them!
" What! shall a reptile bard, a wretch unknown,
" Without one badge of merit but his own,
" Great nobles lash, and lords, like common men,
" Smart from the vengeance of a scribbler's pen?"
What 's in this name of Lord, that I should fear
To bring their vices to the public ear?
Flows not the honest blood of humble swains
Quick as the tide which swells a monarch's veins?
Monarchs, who wealth and titles can bestow,
Cannot make virtues in succession flow.
Wouldst thou, proud Man! be safely plac'd above
The censure of the Muse, deserve her love:
Act as thy birth demands, as nobles ought;
Look back, and, by thy worthy father taught,
Who earn'd those honours thou wert born to wear,
Follow his steps, and be his virtue's heir:
But if, regardless of the road to fame,
You start aside, and tread the paths of shame;
If such thy life, that, should thy sire arise,
The sight of such a son would blast his eyes,

Would make him curse the hour which gave thee birth,
Would drive him, shudd'ring, from the face of earth
Once more, with shame and sorrow, 'mongst the dead
In endless night to hide his rev'rend head :
If such thy life, tho' kings had made thee more
Than ever king a scoundrel made before ;
Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper spring,
Tho' God in vengeance had made thee a king,
Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,
The Muse should drag thee trembling to the light,
Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy bosom bare
To the keen question of the searching air.
   Gods ! with what pride I see the titled slave,
Who smarts beneath the stroke which Satire gave,
Aiming at ease, and with dishonest art
Striving to hide the feelings of his heart !
How do I laugh when, with affected air,
(Scarce able thro' despite to keep his chair,
Whilst on his trembling lip pale Anger speaks,
And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)
He talks of Conscience, which good men secures
From all those evil moments guilt endures,
And seems to laugh at those who pay regard
To the wild ravings of a frantic bard !
" Satire, whilst envy and ill-humour sway
" The mind of man, must always make her way ;
" Nor, to a bosom with discretion fraught,
" Is all her malice worth a single thought,
" The wise have not the will, nor fools the pow'r,
" To stop her headstrong course ; within the hour,

" Left to herself, she dies ; opposing strife
" Gives her fresh vigour, and prolongs her life ;
" All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim,
" I can no patent for exemption claim,
" Nor would I wish to stop that harmless dart
" Which plays around, but cannot wound my heart ;
" Tho' pointed at myself be Satire free ;
" To her 'tis pleasure, and no pain to me."
Dissembling Wretch ! hence to the Stoic school,
And there amongst thy brethren play the fool ;
There, unrebuk'd, these wild vain doctrines preach :
Lives there a man whom Satire cannot reach ?
Lives there a man who calmly can stand by,
And see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye ?
When Satire flies abroad on Falsehood's wing
Short is her life, and impotent her sting ;
But when to truth ally'd, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.
When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,
And ev'n by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
Still shalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
Live in her page, and stink to after times.
Hast thou no feeling yet ? Come, throw off pride,
And own those passions which thou shalt not hide.
S——, who from the moment of his birth
Made human nature a reproach on earth,
Who never dar'd, nor wish'd, behind to stay,
When Folly, Vice, and Meanness, led the way,

Would blush, should he be told by Truth and Wit
Those actions which he blush'd not to commit.
Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.
But whither runs my zeal, whose rapid force,
Turning the brain, bears Reason from her course,
Carries me back to times when poets, bless'd
With courage, grac'd the science they profess'd,
When they, in honour rooted, firmly stood
The bad to punish, and reward the good;
When, to a flame by public virtue wrought,
The foes of Freedom they to justice brought,
And dar'd expose those slaves who dar'd support
A tyrant plan, and call'd themselves a Court?
Ah! what are poets now? as slavish those
Who deal in verse as those who deal in prose.
Is there an Author, search the kingdom round,
In whom true worth and real spirit's found?
The slaves of booksellers, or (doom'd by Fate
To baser chains) vile pensioners of state,
Some, dead to shame, and of those shackles proud
Which Honour scorns, for slav'ry roar aloud;
Others, half-palsy'd only, mutes become,
And what makes Smollet write makes Johnson dumb.
Why turns yon' villain pale? why bends his eye
Inward, abash'd, when Murphy passes by?
Dost thou sage Murphy for a blockhead take,
Who wages war with vice for virtue's sake?
No, no—like other worldlings, you will find
He shifts his sails, and catches ev'ry wind:

His soul the shock of int'rest cann't endure:
Give him a pension then, and sin secure.
With laurell'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn;
Bid cowards thrive, put Honesty to flight,
Murphy shall prove, or try to prove, it right.
Try, thou state-juggler! ev'ry paltry art,
Ransack the inmost closet of my heart,
Swear thou 'rt my friend; by that base oath make way
Into my breast, and flatter to betray;
Or, if those tricks are vain, if wholesome doubt
Detects the fraud, and points the villain out,
Bribe those who daily at my board are fed,
And make them take my life who eat my bread.
On Authors for defence for praise depend,
Pay him but well, and Murphy is thy friend;
He, he shall ready stand with venal rhymes
To varnish guilt and consecrate thy crimes,
To make corruption in false colours shine,
And damn his own good name to rescue thine.
But if thy niggard hands their gifts withhold,
And Vice no longer rains down show'rs of gold,
Expect no mercy; facts, well grounded, teach:
Murphy, if not rewarded, will impeach.
What tho' each man of nice and juster thought,
Shunning his steps, decrees, by honour taught,
He ne'er can be a friend who stoops so low
To be the base betrayer of a foe?
What tho' with thine together link'd his name
Must be with thine transmitted down to shame?

To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
Rather than not blast thine he'll blast his own.
To ope the fountain whence sedition springs,
To slander government and libel kings;
With Freedom's name to serve a present hour,
Tho' born and bred to arbitrary pow'r;
To talk of William with insidious art,
Whilst a vile Stewart 's lurking in his heart,
And, whilst mean Envy rears her loathsome head,
Flatt'ring the living to abuse the dead,
Where is Shebbeare? O! let not foul reproach,
Travelling thither in a City-coach,
The pill'ry dare to name: the whole intent
Of that parade was fame, not punishment;
And that old staunch Whig, Beardmore, standing by,
Can in full court give that report the lie.
With rude unnat'ral jargon to support,
Half Scotch, half English, a declining court;
To make most glaring contraries unite,
And prove, beyond dispute, that black is white;
To make firm Honour tamely league with Shame,
Make vice and virtue differ but in name;
To prove that chains and freedom are but one,
That to be sav'd must mean to be undone,
Is there not Guthrie? Who, like him, can call
All opposites to proof, and conquer all?
He calls forth living waters from the rock,
He calls forth children from the barren stock:
He, far beyond the springs of Nature led,
Makes women bring forth after they are dead:

He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,
In wedlock's sacred bands joins man to man;
And, to complete the whole, most strange, but true,
By some rare magic makes them fruitful too,
Whilst from their loins, in the due course of years,
Flows the rich blood of Guthrie's English Peers!

Dost thou contrive some blacker deed of shame,
Something which Nature shudders but to name,
Something which makes the soul of man retreat,
And the lifeblood run backward to her seat?
Dost thou contrive, for some base private end,
Some selfish view, to hang a trusting friend,
To lure him on, ev'n to his parting breath,
And promise life to work him surer death?
Grown old in villany, and dead to grace,
Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face,
Behold! a parson at thy elbow stands,
Low'ring damnation, and with open hands,
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward,
The Atheist chaplain of an Atheist lord.

Bred to the church, and for the gown decreed,
Ere it was known that I should learn to read;
Tho' that was nothing, for my friends, who knew
What mighty dulness of itself could do,
Never design'd me for a working priest,
But hop'd I should have been a dean at least:
Condemn'd, (like many more and worthier men,
To whom I pledge the service of my pen)

Condemn'd (whilst proud and pamper'd sons of lawn,
Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)
In pomp of rev'rend beggary to appear,
To pray, and starve on forty pounds a-year.
My friends, who never felt the galling load,
Lament that I forsook the packhorse road,
Whilst Virtue to my conduct witness bears,
In throwing off that gown which Francis wears.
What creature 's that, so very pert and prim,
So very full of foppery and whim,
So gentle, yet so brisk; so wondrous sweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet,
Who looks as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
And by his garb appears a man of God?
Trust not to looks, nor credit outward show;
The villain lurks beneath the cassock'd beau:
That 's an informer; what avails the name?
Suffice it that the wretch from Sodom came.
His tongue is deadly—from his presence run,
Unless thy rage would wish to be undone.
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
And fear alone restrains his coward mind;
Free him from that, no monster is so fell,
Nor is so sure a bloodhound found in hell.
His silken smiles, his hypocritic air,
His meek demeanour, plausible and fair,
Are only worn to pave Fraud's easier way,
And make gull'd Virtue fall a surer prey.

Attend his church—his plan of doctrine view—
The preacher is a Christian, dull, but true;
But when the hallow'd hour of preaching 's o'er,
That plan of doctrine 's never thought of more;
Christ is laid by neglected on the shelf,
And the vile priest is Gospel to himself.

By Cleland tutor'd, and with Blacow bred,
(Blacow, whom, by a brave resentment led,
Oxford, if Oxford had not sunk in fame,
Ere this had damn'd to everlasting shame)
Their steps he follows, and their crimes partakes;
To virtue lost, to vice alone he wakes,
Most lusciously declaims 'gainst luscious themes,
And whilst he rails at blasphemy blasphemes.

Are these the arts which policy supplies?
Are these the steps by which grave churchmen rise?
Forbid it, Heav'n! or, should it turn out so,
Let me and mine continue mean and low.
Such be their arts whom interest controls;
Kidgell and I have free and honest souls:
We scorn preferment which is gain'd by sin,
And will, tho' poor without, have peace within.

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The Author,

END OF VOLUME SECOND.